

ALL THE SECRETS OF DISTANCE RUNNING EXPLAINED!

FRANK MANLEY'S WEEKLY.

GOOD STORIES OF YOUNG ATHLETES.

Issued Weekly—By Subscription \$2.50 per year. Entered according to Act of Congress in the year 1905 by Frank Tousey, Publisher, 24 Union Square, New York.

No. 13.

NEW YORK, DECEMBER 1, 1905.

Price 5 Cents.

FRANK MANLEY'S • WHIRLING • TEN-MILER; OR, MAKING WIND AND FORTUNE TWINS. *By "PHYSICAL DIRECTOR."*



"Quick! Oh, I'm afraid you're too late!" screamed Ida as the runners dashed up. Frank's heart thumped ed suffocatingly. There was vastly more at stake in the blazing home than the frantic child guessed.

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CHAPTER I.

THE OTHER SIDE OF THE WALL.

"That's as good a place as any."

"Where?"

"Over by the stone wall."

Frank Manley indicated the wall by a nod of his head.

Yet it was hardly necessary, for the wall could not very well have been missed, anyway.

It was a thick stone wall, some ten feet high, and entirely enclosed some two acres of ground.

There was a house and other buildings inside the stone wall.

The heavy gate that forbade entrance to the place was of solid oak planks, shutting off any view of the grounds.

But of the place more presently.

"The wall will shut the wind off us while we wait," grinned Hal Spofford, with appreciation.

"Just what I had in mind," nodded Manley, as they jogged toward the place.

There were five of the youngsters in this running party.

First of all, there was Frank Manley, captain of the Woodstock Junior Athletic Club.

With him was Hal Spofford, his chum and first lieutenant of the club

Then there was little Jack Winston—"Jackets"—Manley's protege in training, a fourteen-year-old boy, but one of the best athletes in this club of youngsters, whose ages averaged seventeen or eighteen.

Another of the runners was Al Adams, secretary of the club—not a great junior athlete, but a good and steady one with good powers of endurance.

The last of this little group of runners was Inow Sato, a Japanese student at Dr. Holbrook's academy in Woodstock.

The four first named were members of the board of control of the club.

Though Sato had declined to take a place on the board, he was yet the board's adviser in many athletic matters. More notably, he was the club's instructor in jiu-jitsu.

As they halted beside the street side of the great stone wall, not one of the youngsters appeared in the least winded.

Yet they had just stopped after six miles of steady, jogging running over the hard winter roads.

They were out for a ten-mile run. It was not yet daylight.

Manley, who had started the running in the club on the idea that any athletic boy should be able to run five miles, had recently broadened his ideas on that subject.

Several of the fellows, once they had got in hard, steady training, had discovered that they could run ten miles almost as easily as they could cover five.

Not long before the rule had been made that a fellow who could not easily get over the ten miles could hardly be considered first-class football material.

At this there had been a good deal of surprise and not a little chagrin.

Not all of the fellows in the club had made good runners of themselves.

Now, if it was required of a fellow that he be able to run ten miles before he could get on the football eleven, was there not a grave chance that the same idea would be applied in picking out members to represent the club in other sports?

There had been some "kicking," of course, over Manley's idea about the necessity of running.

But there had been another "kick" not so many weeks before, and that "kick" had resulted in the reorganization of the club, with the principal grumbler left out of membership.

Moreover, the newer and younger members elected had been taken in as probationary men only, and they had no vote in the club's government.

Nearly all of the older members sustained our hero in his ideas as to ten-miling, hence the new rule "went."

And now, on this late November morning, the better part of the club's membership was out on the first of a series of such runs.

The course began and ended at Woodstock, the roads run over in the course measuring a good, full ten miles.

Somewhere to the rear of these five runners was Joe Prescott, second lieutenant of the club.

And behind him, let it be hoped, were the twenty-two others who had essayed the run.

Manley and his group had come on ahead, intending to wait at about this point in the road to see the others go by.

Frank and his aides were there to note the condition of Joe's runners as they passed.

The full force of the wind was kept off of the young runners as they stood under the lee of the high, gray stone wall.

Yet the air was so cool and nipping that soon they found it well to walk up and down in order to keep up circulation.

Jerseys, knee trousers, low running shoes and socks do not furnish the ideal costume in which to lounge in wintry weather.

It was all well enough when running and keeping up the warmth of the blood; but to stand still meant a sudden chill.

"I'm afraid we went a little too fast," muttered Hal. "Those fellows may be half an hour behind us."

"Hardly that," negatived Frank. "Joe wouldn't stand for creeping."

"You're right he wouldn't!" clicked Jackets. "Joe is a good deal of a slave-driver when he has a squad at his mercy. No soldiering where Joe is."

"Humph!" muttered Al Adams, glaring disgustedly at

the darkened houses visible in the neighborhood. "This spot makes me think of a graveyard. Imagine the fool city people who own such homes just coming here in the summer and running away again in the fall. They miss the best time of the year here."

Along the country road at this point were fully a dozen summer homes, now all boarded up and presenting other dreary aspects as well.

"Funny notion for a man to put such a wall around his place," grunted Hal. "Any one would think that old Mr. Crozier was in the habit of doing things here that he was ashamed to have his neighbors see."

"Did you ever see Mr. Crozier?" laughed Frank.

"Don't know that I ever did!"

"Well, if you were to see him once you would dismiss the idea that he could do anything very wicked."

"Why?"

"Meekest old fellow you can imagine. Looks as if he didn't dare to call his soul his own when any one disputes him. And he certainly wouldn't kill a fly that annoyed him."

"Oh, then he's a timid old chap? Built the great wall to keep wicked people out?"

"Oh, no," rejoined Manley. "A bookworm, that's all. Likes to walk in his grounds, book in hand, and ponder. And he can do that better with a wall that keeps people from staring in at him."

"Sort of a bookish hermit?" suggested Adams.

"Just about that."

"Must be well supplied with money, though," suggested Inow Sato.

"Yes; he is supposed to be fairly rich."

"With his tastes," ventured Hal. "I should think he would rather live here the year around than in a city."

"I've heard," replied Frank, "that he spends much of the winter time in Italy and southern France."

"Well. I'd like to hear the footsteps of Joe's gang," grumbled Al, dancing a jig poorly in the effort to keep warm.

"Joe must have misunderstood the course," grinned Hal.

"I'll run back a mile or so and see if there's any sign of them," offered Al, glad of any occupation that would keep him warm.

"No, I wouldn't," Manley put in quickly. "Joe might take it as a reflection on the way he has handled the squad."

So Al, perforce, stayed where he was, jumping up and down impatiently on the withered grass just outside the wall.

"And old Joe is as sensitive as he is proud and spirited," added Hal, as an afterthought.

"Jupiter! This place doesn't seem to be so uninhabited, after all!"

The cry came in a sharp undertone from Jackets.

Frank Manley swiftly shot one hand upward as a sign for silence.

For on the other side of the wall footsteps sounded distinctly.

"Thieves?"

The same query flashed into the minds of all of the five youngsters at the same moment.

For this house, like its neighbors, was the property of a person of wealth.

Surely there would be something inside that would reward the misdirected energies of thieves.

From the other side of the wall came the sounds of some one running softly, as in padded slippers.

And now, to the ears of the listeners, came the tread of feet more heavily shod.

"Here, you!" shouted a harsh voice. "None of that!"

"You have no right to touch me," came another and weaker voice.

"Oh, we'll see about that!" came the jeering retort.

This was followed by the sounds of some sort of weak scuffle.

"Help!"

The cry came sharply but weakly.

"Oh, yelling don't hurt, and it don't help," came in the same harsh voice of the oppressor.

"Help!"

There was a sound of mortal terror in the appealing voice.

It was enough for Frank Manley.

He looked at Hal, who understood and moved close to the wall. There Spofford stood, with feet outspread, arms stretched, and hands resting against the wall.

With all the nimbleness of the trained athlete Manley clambered up and stood on his chum's shoulders.

Now our hero's head was considerably above the wall.

For a moment he stood peering, getting the best glimpse of the walled-in grounds that he could in the darkness of the early winter morning.

What he saw there must have startled the young athlete.

For he swiftly bent down, beckoning Sato and Jackets to climb up over him to the wall's top.

CHAPTER II.

THE MAN IN-PAJAMAS.

Swiftly as gymnasts move Sato and Jackets had clambered up beside their young leader.

"Help!"

"Stop that yelling, or——"

"Help!"

Then the sound of one trying to talk, and his speech prevented by a rough hand over his mouth.

Over by the front porch of the house, a hundred and fifty feet or more away, the three young athletes could see the two scuffling forms.

"Hal, you and Al get over and follow," whispered Frank, and then added to Sato and Winston:

"Drop!"

"You might as well stop this foolishness, now as ever!" cried the harsh voice over in the darkness.

"Oh, I can't believe that heaven will permit such wickedness!" cried the appealing voice.

"Well, it will! Come into the house, now—or, well, you'll get blamed well flogged."

"I shall not go unless you force me."

"Oh, well, we can force! Besides, you'll get your death of cold out here."

"I'd rather die than have this infamy go on!"

"Come in, now!"

"Only when you drag me!"

"We'll drag, then!"

"Not just yet, I guess!"

It was Frank Manley's quiet but firm voice that broke in.

He and his two companions had stolen up unnoticed by the two principal actors in this drama of real life.

And now, standing just before the steps of the great stone house, our hero saw that which filled him with wonder.

An old man, little, shrunken, shivering in a suit of thin pajamas, and with only slippers on his shrunken feet.

This little old man had been struggling helplessly in the grasp of a broad-shouldered, powerful-looking brute of a man who was probably about thirty-five years of age.

The shaking of the old man's silvered head suggested palsy. The picture was in strong contrast with the black looks, and the sullen, swarthy face of the younger man.

"What are you kiddies doing here?" glowered the brute.

"Mr. Crozier!" exclaimed Manley, astounded.

In his own amazement the brute had let go of the old man, who, with a cry of joy, ran over behind Manley and his broad shoulders.

Frank wheeled around upon the old man.

"Mr. Crozier," began our hero, "surely there ought to be some explanation of this scene."

What made the puzzle seem more bewildering was that the brute did not look like the detected intruder.

Instead, he stood still, like one who is sure of his ground.

"There is an explanation—a terrible one!" cried the old man. "My young friend I beg you not to leave me here."

"We won't, then," retorted Manley, bluntly. "You're master here, Mr. Crozier, and can stay, or leave, at your pleasure. We'll certainly back you up in that."

"You hear that, do you?" cried Mr. Crozier, eagerly addressing the brute.

But the latter only laughed disagreeably.

"It remains to be seen what these kiddies can do!"

Frank turned upon the fellow then.

"And what are you doing here, anyway? Mr. Crozier I know. He is the owner of this property, and he doesn't seem to want you here."

"Oh, that don't make any difference, younker. I'll stay just the same."

"By what right?" insisted Manley.

"It's my business to stay."

"Eh?"

"I'm the old man's keeper."

Frank started back, thrilling queerly as he heard this statement.

"It's a lie—a plot—a crime!" quavered Mr. Crozier, clasping one of Frank's shoulders.

"So I guess I'll have to order you out," went on the brute, with cool insolence.

"And, just like yourself," retorted Manley, crisply, "I may have peculiar ideas as to whether I ought to go."

"You'll change your tune soon!" snarled the fellow.

"Either you'll get out, or I will call young Mr. Crozier."

"This old man's son?" queried Frank.

"Yes."

"Then I guess you'd better call him," said Frank, coolly.

"I think I ought to see him."

"Oh, don't believe what either one of them says," begged Mr. Crozier. "They're both in this miserable plot—both of them. They're both infamous."

"Even your son?" demanded Frank, in astonishment.

"But he isn't really my son. That's what the——"

With a snarl of rage the brute had pounced upon the old man, thrusting a huge hand over the old man's mouth.

"Let him go," advised Frank.

"You mind your own business and get out," snapped the fellow. "You have been here long enough, anyway."

"What's all this row about, Jepson?"

The query came quickly, angrily, from a new actor who had just appeared on the scene.

He was a tall young man of twenty-five or so, slim-waisted yet broad-shouldered.

He was, in a word, one of the best type of the young athletes who are turned out of our colleges these days.

"Are you young Mr. Crozier?" asked Frank, quickly, but politely.

"Yes; and I regret, young man, that you have intruded at a time when an unfortunate family scene is on. My father is hopelessly, though not violently, insane. Jepson, you must bring my father into the house at once out of this cold."

The brute made a move as if to obey, but Frank, who had been eyeing the three strangers sharply, thought best to interfere.

Just as Jepson made a move to force the old man up the steps, Manley got forcibly between them.

"Hal," said he to his chum, "pick Mr. Crozier up, so that his feet will not be so close to the cold ground."

Hal not only obeyed, but after he had lifted the frightened old man, stepped back a dozen or fifteen steps from the porch.

"What does this mean?" rang out young Mr. Crozier's voice, sharply. "Are strangers to take charge here? Jepson, take my father or knock some one down."

"Don't carry things that far," urged Manley, stiffening. "If you do, though, perhaps we can keep you company."

Young Mr. Crozier came down the steps and moved forward decisively.

"Get out of here," he ordered. "If you don't, I shall be obliged to treat you just as I would any other rowdies."

"How would that be?" questioned Frank, undismayed.

"I shall pitch you out."

"Go ahead, then."

A slight chuckle escaped Manley. He looked almost sneeringly at the blusterer.

"Are you going?" demanded the young man, clenching his fists.

"Not while things appear to be in such a bad tangle here. I know this old gentleman to be the rightful owner here. He has appealed to us for help. He tells us that you are not really his son, and that some plot against him is being carried out."

"But I have told you that my father is insane and in the care of a keeper."

"As it is a question of which is telling the truth," retorted Manley, "pardon me if, for the present, I prefer to believe Mr. Crozier."

"Then you won't leave here?"

"Only at Mr. Crozier's order."

Flashing out an oath, the young man stepped suddenly forward.

As he did so his left fist shot out, aimed straight at Manley's jaw.

But Frank had been on his guard, watching for just some such move as this.

Swiftly as the lightning strikes, Manley, with his right hand, caught his assailant's left elbow, forcing that hand up in the air.

Just the instant before Frank had ducked, and now he threw his left arm around the young man's neck and darted back of him.

Hoist! Young Crozier was up in the air on Manley's back, but the next instant he was swung around in front of the young athlete and slammed to the ground.

Laughing, Frank retreated a few steps and stood looking amusedly on, while young Crozier, swearing a good deal, got slowly on his feet.

But in this crisis Jepson felt called upon to distinguish himself.

He turned upon Inow Sato, who certainly looked small enough to be an easy mark.

Jepson swung, but Sato dodged, then toppled the big brute over on his back.

As Jepson got up Hal, with his burden, stepped quickly forward, placing one foot over something that had dropped from the brute's pocket.

"Now, young Mr. Crozier, or whoever you are," broke in Frank, smilingly. "perhaps you will understand that you can't drive us out."

"I can at least make you answer to the law for this outrage," came the angry snarl.

"That will suit me to a dot," clicked Manley. "If you have a telephone in your house you might send word to the police, and we will undertake to remain until the officers arrive. Then we shall be able to get at the right of this affair. If I have intruded where I should not have

done I am honestly sorry. But I cannot leave here until I am satisfied."

"Come over here, please," piped the old man's voice, and Frank obeyed.

The young man attempted to follow, but the smiling Jap stepped in his way, and that move was significant enough.

"Get me away from here," pleaded the old man in a whisper. "This wretched young man, whom I reared as my son, behaved so badly that I was forced to tell him the truth, and that I had disinherited him. In his rage he is trying to have me locked up in a private asylum. I fear he intends that I shall die there. My daughter—my own child—is on her way back from Italy. Keep me from this wretch until she arrives, and everything will be well. But if you leave me with this—this wretch who is not my son—I shall be killed."

Frank looked up at Hal. The eyes of the two chums met.

"He is telling the truth," said Hal, simply.

"I believe it," nodded Frank.

Then, to the old man, he added:

"You shall not be harmed. We will take you away from here."

A tiny toy spaniel had strayed around from the rear of the house; it sniffed at Manley's heels.

Just as our hero glanced down at the animal the little thing toppled over.

"Gracious!" gasped Frank, and stooped to look more closely at the little animal.

It was dead, a tiny stream of blood oozing from a wound in the center of its forehead.

Just then something stung our hero's hand. He glanced quickly at that member. The outer edge of the hand had been grazed by something that drew the blood.

Zip! Something struck the ground just at our hero's feet.

Frank glanced swiftly up, to encounter the mocking gaze of the young man who called himself Crozier's son.

CHAPTER III.

DEATH IN THE AIR.

"If you wish a word with me I can tell you something of interest," mocked the young scoundrel.

Frank stepped quickly over to him.

"For your ear only," murmured the young man, taking Frank's arm and drawing him away.

Then, at a safe distance from the others, he whispered:

"You saw what happened to the dog?"

"Of course."

"Something stung your hand?"

"Certainly."

"And something struck the ground near your foot?"

"I noticed that," assented Frank, drily.

"What do you suppose stung you?"

"I suppose you are going to tell me?"

"I am," came the jeering answer. "It was a steel projectile, in each case."

Frank started, but demanded, incredulously:

"What nonsense are you trying to offer me?"

"Only the truth, Manley. You see, I know who you are. I know, also, your meddling proclivities. You will do well to leave, for I have only to give the signal and one of the steel projectiles will go through your head. Your friends will never guess where it came from or how it happened. For that matter, I can sacrifice the lives of every one of you. A signal from me and none of you will have time to get out of this yard alive."

The young wretch watched Manley's eyes closely as he spoke. He looked for terror.

But Frank Manley merely turned on his heel, walked back to the others, and promptly repeated the information he had just received.

"Preposterous!" scoffed the young man. "I never said anything of the sort."

"My friends will know which of us to believe," retorted Manley, coldly. "At all events, I am glad that you told me what you did. For that shows how big a scoundrel you are, and teaches me that I must believe and protect this poor old gentleman. Hal, get him over the wall, somehow. Safo and I will cover the retreat."

Yet, even as he spoke, Manley's heart quailed.

For the quick, dangerous glint that came into his antagonist's eyes showed that the latter meant to stop that flight at all costs.

There was death in the air here.

Did the wretch consider giving the signal for the killing of the Woodstock boys and their charge?

"Young Crozier" did not leave him an instant longer in doubt.

Stepping quickly forward, he whispered:

"It's too late for any of you to hope to get out of here. This game is in earnest."

Frank's heart almost stopped beating. There was truth—deadly truth—in the young fellow's eyes and tone.

What was that sound? The most welcome ever heard!

Pit-pat! Pit-pat! Pit-pat! The steady noise made by the feet of distance runners.

"Joe!" Frank fairly shouted.

"Hello!" came back Prescott's voice from the other side of the wall.

Then Manley's voice ripped out like the steady rattle of a machine gun:

"Over the wall—all of you—like lightning—Up and At 'Em!"

There were the sounds of a rush—a scramble.

Over the top of the wall a half dozen heads showed at once.

Chug! Chug! Young athletes were dropping in the yard as fast as they could come in the first light of the coming day.

More and more of them came.

It seemed as if a regiment was sealing the wall.

Frank turned to smile into the ghastly face of his enemy.

"Rather a large contract, isn't it, to kill so many? By the time that one of us is hurt you will be done for for good and all."

"What's the row?" demanded Joe, crisply, as he darted up to his leader.

"Attempt to kidnap that old man," replied Frank, quickly. "This fellow here is the scoundrel. Some one on the place has been threatening us with an air rifle. It's a deadly one, too. If anything happens to any of us, see that this scoundrel is killed at once in self-defence!"

"I'd kill him now for two cents," glared Joe, stepping forward so quickly, nimbly and menacingly that young Crozier recoiled.

"Don't hurt him unless some of us get hurt," ordered Frank, seizing his chum's arm and drawing him back.

The young man took advantage of this momentary diversion. He made a sign to Jepson. Both turned and ran swiftly along the road between the house and the stable.

After them pounded Joe and three or four other fellows. But after them raced Frank Manley.

"Come back!" he shouted. "Stop! Don't follow!"

For now the hard dirt was flying up in chunks around the feet of the adventurous few.

Then Si Prentiss gave a cry of pain, clapping a hand to his left upper arm.

He had been winged there.

A dozen or more shots had been fired swiftly from that unseen, diabolical air rifle, or whatever it was, yet without any sound of discharge being audible.

As for the fugitives, they had bolted into the stable, slamming the door shut after them.

"There's death in the air around here," spoke Manley, grimly. "It's no use to fight. And we don't need to. We have got what we want here. I don't want to see any of the fellows worse hurt than Si is at this moment."

"Oh, it isn't much," declared Si, holding up his arm. "But, Great Dewey! How the thing burns when it hits!"

Manley hurried the few around to the front of the house.

Yet, as they were retreating, a voice bawled after them:

"This is far from being the finish! This affair has only begun!"

It was not Crozier's voice.

Hal was unlocking a side gate. He had stepped on the key when it fell from Jepson's pocket.

Here, where they were out of line with the stable, from which the silent shots had seemed to come, the other fellows had gathered, their glowing faces and flashing eyes showing how keenly the excitement had taken hold of them.

"Out of here, as quick as you can go!" ordered Manley. And see here! Some of you fellows had jackets on your arms when you started to run. Get them mighty quick and wrap this poor old man up, or he'll die of pneumonia."

But old Mr. Crozier, though he was shivering wretchedly with the cold, was not complaining. His eyes gleamed with thankfulness for even the small chance to live.

There were nearly a dozen jackets in the crowd. In these the old man was clumsily but warmly swathed.

Hal still carried his burden, as Manley gave the order to run for Woodstock.

Away went the young athletes, Hal keeping well to the fore in order to protect his charge from any chance shot.

By the time that they were half a mile from the Crozier house, however, Hal dropped by degrees to the rear, Sato, Winston and Jim Larrabee keeping close to him.

As the sun came up Joe, running well to the head of the squad with Manley, suddenly turned color as he whispered to our hero:

"Frank! Frank! Hal and Mr. Crozier are not with us!"

"Don't worry!" smiled Manley.

"Oh, then you know——"

"I know nothing," laughed Manley. "But I have a strong faith that all is well with Hal and the old gentleman."

"Oh!" said Joe, looking as if he suddenly understood. But he did not.

"It simply isn't well for me to know too much, that's all," hinted Manley, by way of explanation.

Here was more mystery!

But Joe had so much faith in his young captain that he did not even dream of asking more questions.

CHAPTER IV.

IN THE WONDERFUL NEW GYMNASIUM.

"Well, well, well!"

"Who are we?"

"We'll have to wait and see," spoke up another Up and At 'Em boy, thus finishing the paraphrase of the club's battle yell.

They were in the new gymnasium at last—the gym that had been won by their own heroism and their own muscle.

They had pushed from a sidetrack, almost in the business heart of Woodstock, a blazing train of three cars containing coal oil in tanks and dynamite in a box car.

This short train had been left there, temporarily, through the carelessness of railway employees.

At the great risk of their own lives, these youngsters, under the generalship of Frank Manley, had pushed the blazing cars so far away that the final explosion did little damage, except to the cars and their contents.

The business men of the town, aided by a few of the wealthy residents, had bought the land whereon stood the former boat-building shop that the club had used for a gym during the first few months of its existence.

Land and old building had been presented to the club. Then the railroad company had done its part by offering

to tear down the old building—which was little better than a shed—and to erect in its place a suitable, up-to-date gym for these plucky youngsters.

After many weeks all was complete, and now, after school on this Monday afternoon, the gym doors had been thrown open—to members only.

Previous to this time only the members of the board of control had been admitted, it being decided that the other members would be much better suited if they were kept outside the walls until everything was in readiness.

Great, indeed, was the delight of the youngsters as they roamed through their new property—theirs none the less for the fact that it was held in trust for them by grown-up trustees.

As this building will be the home of the club as long as it lasts, it will be well to describe it briefly.

The building is of gray stone and brick.

The main building is a parallelogram in shape, the inside measurements of the gym floor being close to one hundred feet by sixty.

This main building runs east and west.

It has a height of two stories, though the upper story is represented only by a gallery running track—a fast track floored with rubber, and measuring twenty laps to the mile.

On the south side of the main building is the office wing, and through the office is the main entrance to the building.

In this same wing, leading out of the office to the eastward, is the meeting room for the members of the board.

The office's inside measurements are fifteen feet by sixteen. The board room is fourteen feet by fifteen.

Leading out of the office to the westward is a reception-room, which has another door that can be made to open directly upon the gymnasium floor.

This reception-room is for the use of any guests who may be invited to the gym.

At the rear of the building, on the east end, toward the river, is the locker room, with an inside measurement of thirty by forty feet.

At the northern end of this room are three rows of lockers, arranged doubly. There are, in all, six dozen lockers, or enough to provide for all the members of the Woodstock Junior Athletic Club and for the members of a visiting club of the same size.

At the south end of this same room are six shower baths and a rather diminutive-looking swimming pool, twelve feet by nine.

Not much swimming can be done in the pool, but it is large enough for a good dip and some swimming.

In the basement underneath the locker room is a steam heating plant, that keeps the building's interior at a suitable temperature in winter.

The lighting is by incandescent light, but there are a few gas burners, for use in case the electric current fails at any time.

It is, and has been from the outset, the duty of the members in turn to look after the care of the lighting plant.

From the locker room there is a door leading out toward the river.

On the north side of the building are two doors that can be opened as fire exits, or in other case of emergency.

The windows are many and large, and arranged for easy raising and lowering.

In the roof more than a third of the area is taken up by a huge skylight, which can be opened for purposes of ventilation.

This gym, as it stands to-day, differs in no important respect from the gym that the youngsters beheld on their first visit of inspection.

Out on the floor, and ranged along the walls, was all the apparatus that is really needed in a well-equipped gym building.

The floor, by the way, was of cement composition, fire-proof, hard, smooth and elastic. It was a floor suitable for any kind of athletic sport, or for the gentler pleasure of dancing.

"It's a corker!" declared Humphrey, enthusiastically.

"A wonder!" enthused the quieter Si Prentiss.

"Just look up at that track," begged Jackets, dancing as if the sight made his feet itch for a sprint.

Several of the fellows ran upstairs to the track.

Pad, pad, pad! came the heavy sound.

"Here!" called Manley. "None of that!"

Pad, pad, pad!

"Stop it!" shouted Frank.

Cranston, one of the eager runners, paused in his flight to look down over the balcony railing.

"What's wrong?" he demanded.

"You are, and the rest of the fellows," smiled the young captain. "No running on that fine rubber track except when in gym shoes."

"Oh!"

The sounds of running quickly died out, and the fellows who had gone up to inspect the track came down again.

"The locker room is worth looking at," announced Manley, drawing a key from his pocket.

The eager crowd followed him down to the river end of the floor.

Here Manley unlocked the door. The eager fellows crowded in.

Could anything be finer? they wondered.

They inspected the trim-looking lockers, and then viewed themselves in the dressing glasses.

Then they gathered in a small mob at the other end of the room.

"Hot and cold showers," explained our hero. "And the water in the pool is running in and out at all hours when the gym is open."

"Um, um!" murmured Joe, looking at the showers and then down into the clear, marble-lined pool. "The bath looks so mighty good that it seems mighty tough to have to wait until Saturday night."

Among these youngsters, who had been taught always to bathe after a bout of exercise, this sally raised a laugh.

"Those of you who want to," smiled Frank, "can get

the first bath before supper. We have a good stock of towels, and members can have one for two cents, the cost of washing and ironing."

"I'd like to try that track," sighed Cranston.

"Well, why don't you?" demanded Frank. "All you have to do is to run up to the locker house at the field and get your things, bring them down, and put them in a locker."

The hint caught, a dozen of the fellows starting at once to get their things from the other locker house.

The Five Chums—that is, Frank, Hal, Joe, Sato and Jackets—had their gym clothes already at hand.

Without the loss of more time these proceeded to dress for the floor.

Within a few minutes they were out in the room, showing off the different pieces of apparatus.

Much of this paraphernalia had been saved from the old gym, but there were new pieces, bought out of the club treasury, which had been enriched by baseball and football games.

"It's a splendid, springy floor," explained Manley, after exercising vigorously for a few minutes.

"The whole thing is a great big snap," declared Jim Larabee. "Think of our luck in winning such an athletic home as this!"

"Think also of the work we have got to do to keep things running," laughed Manley. "We'll have a good big coal bill this winter, to say nothing of the bills for gas and electricity. And think of the bill for water in that bath!"

"And taxes on the building," hinted Hal. "Then there is a little thing like a bill for scrubbing and cleaning."

"Why can't we fellows divide the work of cleaning?" asked energetic Jim.

But Frank smiled.

"Did you ever see much of the kind of house-cleaning that boys do, Jim? No, sir! We'll have the place cleaned by an expert! If we did it there would soon be an inch or two of dirt over everything."

Several of the fellows now hurried in with their gym clothes.

It was not long ere Jackets had plenty of company up above on the fast track.

That sent the rest scurrying for their things, for in the evening the gym was to be thrown open to the inspection of the townspeople.

"Some one wants to see you out in the office," whispered Joe, as he went by our hero.

"Who?"

"I don't know."

"How did he get in—by Hal?"

"Oh, he said it was vital for him to see you."

"Get Hal, then, and you two saunter along behind me," replied Manley.

He had a quick intimation that the visitor would prove to have some connection with the business of the morning.

Still in his gym clothes, Frank stepped into the office.

The visitor turned out to be a tall, slim but active-look-

ing man of thirty, dark-haired, smooth-faced, and carefully dressed.

"I want to see you privately, Manley," began his visitor.

"I don't know about the privacy of it," rejoined Frank.

"Come this way, please."

Our hero stepped across the office and into the board room, turning on the light.

The stranger followed, his first act being to close the door.

"That won't do," interjected the young athlete quickly.

"We don't have closed doors here. Every part of the building is open to members."

Saying which, Manley quickly, though quietly, stepped back to throw the door open.

"Let it stay shut for a few moments," urged the caller.

"Against our practice."

"But what I have to say to you is strictly private."

"Not as far as I am concerned," retorted Frank, standing in front of the open door.

"Come away from the door, then, won't you?" persisted the caller, showing signs of decided annoyance.

"No."

"But I don't want others to overhear me."

"I don't care if they do. I have no business of my own with you that calls for any privacy."

The stranger looked out into the office.

Al Adams stood by the door, to tell any one who dropped around that the building was not open to the public till evening.

Hal and Joe had also sauntered out into the office, standing there at ease.

"By the way," hinted Manley, "you haven't told me your name yet."

"It isn't necessary," replied the other quickly.

"Then I shall have to ask you to go," nodded Frank.

"It isn't good business to have talks with strangers who insist on great privacy and who decline to give their names."

"Call me Simmons, then," said the other, after a moment's thought.

"Well, then, Mr. Simmons," clicked Manley, "what is the nature of your message from the young man who calls himself Crozier?"

CHAPTER V.

A SUMMONS AND A THREAT.

As Frank put the question his eyes blazed sharply into those of the stranger.

It was plain that the latter was taken somewhat off his guard.

"I—I didn't say that I came from any one of that name," he rejoined.

"No," retorted Manley. "You've told me neither that nor anything else about your reason for coming here."

"Step over into the corner, won't you?" begged the caller.

"I shall show you the door, instead, unless you come directly to your business here."

"Well, then," admitted Simmons, in a low voice, "I do come from Crozier."

"I guessed that much without effort. Well?"

"He has sent me to ask you where his father is."

"Are you aware that old Mr. Crozier denies that your—your employer is his son?"

"I didn't come here to discuss that!" cried Simmons, half angrily.

"I can't tell you where the old gentleman is."

"Won't, you mean?" was the caller's question. "Is that it, Manley?"

"I don't intend to have any communication whatever with your employer. Tell him so, please, with my compliments."

"Manley, are you aware that you are interfering in a family affair?"

"A family affair is necessarily one between relatives," smiled Frank. "Now, it appears that your—your employer, is not in any way related to Mr. Crozier."

"They are father and son."

"Old Mr. Crozier denies it."

"The old man is insane."

"That would be for the courts to decide," rejoined Frank. "I'm no expert."

"Speaking of the courts, Manley, do you realize that you are doing a serious thing in kidnapping a lunatic away from his natural guardians?"

"It would be serious if true," nodded Frank. "And that suggests your remedy. If I have done anything illegal your employer should go to the police, or a judge, and make formal complaint against me."

"In a delicate family affair like this, Manley, we hate to apply to the courts. We would rather bring you to your senses and keep the affair as quiet as can be. It is a very delicate matter, you know."

"So delicate, I imagine," taunted Frank, "that your crowd will have to use great care in keeping out of jail."

"Now you are becoming insulting," growled Simmons. "If you won't listen to reason we shall have to employ other measures."

"The whole matter may be summed up very briefly," put in Frank, impatiently. "You have asked me for information concerning old Mr. Crozier. I am either unable or unwilling to give you any information. Have you any further business here?"

Instead of replying Simmons looked long and keenly at our hero's face.

Finally he asked:

"Manley, is it a question of price?"

"What do you mean?"

"For a couple of thousand in cold cash would you come over to our side?"

"To your side?"

"Heart and soul! Help us, instead of fighting against us, as you have been doing."

As Manley listened the color surged up in his face.

"You mean," he demanded, "that I should betray a helpless and scared old man into the keeping of those who seem to be his natural enemies?"

"That's a rather strong way of putting it. But I can show you how to be two thousand dollars richer before midnight."

"And I," retorted Captain Manley, fighting hard to choke his rage down, "I can show you to the door!"

Turning quickly, and peering through the door, Frank called, with forced calmness:

"Hal! Joe! Will you be kind enough to show this man out? Don't use him roughly unless he resists."

In their soft gym shoes the two young athletes made hardly a sound as they bounded and landed on either side of the caller.

"This way to the egress, sir!" uttered Joe, with mocking civility.

"But Manley——" began the caller, chokingly.

"This way to the sidewalk," insisted Joe, taking Simmons by the shoulder.

"Manley——" appealed the caller once more, but Hal cut him short by giving him a gentle shove, with the information:

"Not open to the public yet, sir."

Through the open door of the gym came the laughter and shouts of other athletic youngsters.

Manley had quickly closed the door of the board room.

So the caller, making the best of an awkward situation, said angrily:

"You needn't try to drag me. I'll go."

So they let go of him, but followed him to the door, which Al held obligingly open.

"Sorry we didn't have more time to devote to you," said Joe, with more of his mock politeness. "But our first day, you will understand, sir, is necessarily a very busy one."

Simmons was wise enough not to attempt any reply.

As the door closed on him Hal and Joe turned, going back to the board room.

"Sorry to have troubled you," smiled Frank. "But I was so ugly at the moment that I didn't dare trust myself to take hold of the fellow. You heard what passed between us?"

"Sure thing," nodded Prescott.

"Then we don't need to say any more about it."

"But see here, Frank——" Hal began slowly.

"Well?"

"You'll have to be most thoroughly on your guard. That crowd is playing for a big stake. From what they did this morning, they won't stop at anything."

"Shall I surrender, then?" asked Manley.

"Of course not! But I wish you would take matters more seriously."

"I'll take them seriously enough—and make the other

fellow do the same—if I'm bothered," retorted Frank, smiling darkly.

Then, as if dismissing the matter, he turned and went back into the gym, where he exercised until it was time to bathe and go home for supper.

In the evening the place was crowded.

Even Bradford sent over a big delegation, not only of members of Tod Owen's club, but citizens of that town as well.

"This lays way over what we've got," declared Tod, with just a trace of envy in his tone.

"Oh, well, you fellows have a mighty comfortable home for your club," replied Frank.

"Nothing like this, though."

"You may have one of these days."

"Not very likely, Frank. Yet some of our fellows are beginning to hint already. They seem to think my father ought to put up a place even to beat this. Of course, dad is a comfortably rich man, but he hasn't the wealth of a railroad company behind him. And I notice that nobody else's father seems to be doing as much over in Bradford. Hepnak's father hasn't offered a dollar for a long time."

"Yet Mr. Hepnak is rich, and Gus is your lieutenant."

"That's just why Gus continues to be my lieutenant," replied Tod, lowering his voice almost to a whisper. "At the outset Mr. Hepnak gave quite liberally. Lots of the fellows want to have a new lieutenant, and we've got members who are better fitted to hold the office. But to throw Gus out would look as if we had lost all use for him as soon as his father grew stingy."

"Well, you've got a gym that most junior clubs would be mighty glad to have. You ought to be satisfied with it, unless you happen to run into some such luck as we did."

"Luck?" retorted Tod, generously. "It wasn't luck. It was downright grit and nerve that got this place for you fellows. You're entitled to it, that's certain."

"I shall have to leave you for awhile, old fellow. There are a great many whom I have to greet to-night."

"I understand," nodded Tod.

"Make yourself at home, just as we do at Bradford."

The Jacksons—father, mother and daughter—were there, and Joe was both a busy and a proud pilot.

Frank's mother had come early, and had gone home again, knowing how busy her son would be on this evening.

But those for whom Frank and Hal turned toward the door to look were long in coming.

The gym was to close at 9:30 sharp, for the youngsters must be on hand in the morning for another long run.

Yet it was nearly nine o'clock when Frank at last saw the Dunstans enter.

He and Hal hurried forward to greet them.

"I was afraid you weren't coming," Frank murmured to Kitty, as soon as he could find a chance.

"It was papa's idea to come late," Kitty replied.

"Afraid we would have too much on our hands, eh?"

Mr. Dunstan was at that moment looking at a piece of apparatus that Hal was explaining.

After a quick glance at her father Kitty whispered:

"I am afraid he doesn't relish having me seen too often with the club. You know he's just a bit peculiar sometimes."

Frank understood more than was said to him.

John Dunstan was a generous, honorable and good man. But he could not always lose sight of the fact that he was descended from one of the "old families." Nor could he ever get wholly over the notion that his wealth set him just a bit apart from the mass of his fellow-citizens.

Though he did not discourage friendship between our hero and his daughter, John Dunstan would have acted quickly enough had he suspected that the interest between the young people would ever result in anything more than a "boy and girl" attachment.

Frank, though his mother possessed means enough to keep her from want, was a poor youth with his own way to make in the world.

True, he already owned his little news and stationery store, but this, after all, made him only "a small tradesman," with his future yet in the making.

Mr. Dunstan was not a snob, yet he could not wholly divest himself of the notions that had been trained into him by aristocratic parents.

It was not often that all this was brought home to our hero; but when the train of thought was forced upon him it always made a bitter half hour for the boy.

But Kitty soon guessed what was passing in his mind. Unobserved by any one else, she gave his nearer hand a quick, sympathetic grip. Their eyes met.

Frank's head went up again.

After all, what did anything else matter, as long as this girl was staunch.

That she always would be staunch it would never come into his head to doubt.

"A boy and girl affair?"

How often these were lasting! How such an affair leaves its permanent impress on two young lives, controlling all their future destinies!

Having seen all there was to see inside a quarter of an hour, Mr. Dunstan graciously thanked his two young hosts—and led their sweethearts away to the waiting carriage.

"Freeze-out?" murmured Hal in his chum's ear.

"No; but I guess Mr. Dunstan doesn't care to have his daughter here too often."

"She'll be here every Thursday afternoon at the dance."

"Perhaps Mr. Dunstan thinks that's often enough," retorted Frank, so blithely that even Hal did not guess the full extent of the hurt.

There was one guest who came late, and who was not welcome—Simmons.

He stepped across the office and into the gym, his gaze roving about until it rested on Manley.

At about the same instant Manley turned and saw the fellow.

"You back here?" demanded the young athlete, stiffly, as he stepped up to the fellow.

"I have a message," answered Simmons, in an undertone.

"From your employer?"

"From young Mr. Crozier."

"You brought one from him before."

"But this is different."

"Oh, it is?"

"He wants to see you."

"Didn't you tell him where I could be found?"

"But he wants you to come to him."

"That's cheek," retorted Frank, crisply.

"Cheek? Why?"

"Because he wants me to take the trouble of going to him—on his own business, not mine."

"But he can't come to see you in a public place like this," urged Simmons. "And he knows that you wouldn't want him to go to your home."

"It certainly wouldn't be well for him to go to my home," snapped the young athlete.

"So I've taken a room at the hotel, and have gotten him in there quietly. Come over there, won't you? It can't do any harm. And you know well enough that we wouldn't try to spring a trap on you in the hotel. There isn't and can't be any danger to you."

"Danger?" retorted Frank, with a quick raising of the eyebrows.

"Just come and let Mr. Crozier say what he wants, won't you?" urged Simmons.

"I won't go, that's all," retorted Manley, crisply. "If your—your fellow wants to see me, I shall be here for a few minutes around five in the morning. I shall be here for a little while late in the afternoon. Good-night."

Frank turned as if to move away, but Simmons caught at his arm.

"Don't be foolish," he begged. "If you refuse this time it will be a bad day for you. Crozier won't stand any more nonsense. He told me that if you refused this time you would better say good-by to your friends. They'll miss you, that's all."

Frank wheeled, looking straight into the fellow's eyes.

What he saw there was not wholly comforting.

Simmons' eyes did not flinch. His glance was plainly a declaration of war.

"Good-night!" repeated Frank, shortly.

"But you——"

"Is the gentleman looking for the way out?" called Joe's smooth voice from a little distance.

Simmons turned to flash a look at Prescott as he replied, icily:

"Thank you. I know the way and am going."

Then, once more, the emissary turned to our hero:

"Have you changed your mind?"

"Good-night!"

"Then, Manley, a pillow of dynamite is better than you can hope for!"

Simmons did not wait to note the effect of his parting shot, but strode across the floor to the office, and thence to the street.

Hal and Joe were quickly at their chum's side. Frank told them what had passed.

"We must shadow you home to-night," suggested Hal.

"Thanks, old fellow, but it wouldn't make me any safer. Besides, I hardly believe that I am in any danger."

"Better let us go with you," begged Hal.

"No; I'd rather you didn't?"

On his way home the young captain of the Woodstocks went alone, as no other member lived on the same street.

As Frank turned the corner to go down the dark street he felt a sudden queerness—a swift premonition that something was going to happen.

Pst! It came almost immediately—a sharp, swift hiss past one ear.

Zick! Another missile had struck the sidewalk close to his feet.

Pst! One went by his cheek this time.

That infernal air rifle, or whatever it was, was again in operation against him.

There was not the faintest sound of discharge anywhere, but still the missiles hissed by him, and so close that Manley could not doubt that a deliberate effort was being made either to maim or to kill him.

"He's higher up than the ground—on some roof or behind some window!" flashed through the young athlete's mind. "I can't find him quickly enough. The only thing to do is to run for it, or he'll finish me."

Frank's blood was boiling as he closed the street door behind him.

He went softly upstairs to his room, lighting the lamp there.

Click! Another of those infernal missiles had cracked through the glass, aimed at his shadow on the curtain. Not much of a miss, either!

In a twinkling Manley had blown the lamp out. His shotgun was in the room. Loading it, our hero knelt at the open window, watching and waiting for a chance to shoot in grim earnest.

There he knelt until drowsiness compelled him to go to bed.

But Towser, his bull pup, was in the room, aroused, alert to give warning if anything unusual happened.

So Frank Manley slept on his wrath and his danger.

CHAPTER VI.

"MR. CROZIER" GETS HIS WISH AND SOMETHING ELSE.

"A stone or something in my shoe. I'll catch up with you soon."

Thus spoke Manley as he and some of his companions were running the morning after.

It was just before daylight.

The club had gone out in three squads.

Joe and Sato were at the head of the other two squads, which had taken different roads.

With Frank were Hal, Winston, Adams, Foster, Cranson, and three or four other of the newer runners of the club.

It was only a seven-mile jog this morning, as Manley did not believe that the club was yet in shape for a ten-miler every day.

It was just before the coming of daylight that Frank fell out on the country road.

Seating himself on the ground at the roadside, he drew off one of his shoes.

It was only a tiny pebble that he found inside, yet it was necessary to rub the foot vigorously.

"Odd what little things annoy us," laughed Frank, as he tossed the pebble away.

He had finished rubbing the foot, and was replacing the shoe, when an unusual sound for that time of the morning reached his ears.

"Some one automobiling," he commented. "Those chaps are not usually up until some hours after daylight. This fellow must be a fiend at the game."

The machine was coming from the direction in which Manley's comrades had vanished.

It was close at hand now. Manley, on his feet and ready to run, waited for the "devil wagon" to pass.

In the dim light Manley could make out two men, he thought, as the machine came nearer.

Then he rubbed his eyes and looked again.

For one head had disappeared, or else there had been but one man in the approaching car.

The machine was slowing down, too, as if the occupant had caught sight of him.

Then the car stopped altogether, the man at the lever springing out and stepping swiftly forward.

"Manley?" he cried. "Then I am to have my wish at last. Now we can talk."

"I haven't the advantage of knowing your name," retorted Frank, coolly, as he recognized his man.

"Nonsense!" came the impatient response. "You know well enough that I am young Crozier."

"As I heard old Mr. Crozier deny it yesterday morning, I am still in doubt as to what your real name is."

"Let us drop all this," proposed the other. "Manley, you've jumped into my personal affair, and you have threatened to spoil it. It's a matter of great importance to me. I want to come to a very good understanding with you."

"Nothing could be easier," smiled Frank. "Just drop your efforts until Mr. Crozier's daughter arrives to take his part. Then, I fancy, from what I've heard, everything will adjust itself."

An oath escaped the self-proclaimed son of Crozier.

"Manley," he cried, growing white with rage, "how long do you intend to go on mocking me?"

"Why, I would point out to you that neither this meeting nor the conversation are of my seeking."

"I sought the interview," admitted the young man, bluntly. "I knew you were running these mornings. So I found out what road you usually followed, and planned

to meet you. But I had not looked for anything so fortunate as to find you here alone."

"You won't find me here much longer," retorted Frank. "I'm going to run again."

"If you do," came the significant retort, "you won't run far."

"Eh?" demanded Manley. "Then I wasn't wrong when I thought I saw some one else in your car."

"I am not alone," replied young Crozier. "If you attempt to leave here you won't get far, or ever go far again. So you would do well to answer me freely and truthfully. Where is my father?"

"Now, how the deuce should I know who or where your father is?" jeered Frank.

"Then, if you prefer it put that way, where is Mr. Crozier?"

"I'm not supplying answers to riddles this morning," came coolly from Frank. "I'm running."

"Oh, run, then, if you really prefer," suggested the other, so obligingly that Manley instantly understood the danger that a start would place him in.

"You mean to inform me that if I try to get away from here I am in danger of being shot down?"

"It might happen."

"I was fired on in the dark last night."

"That ought to have been a warning, then."

"Was that firing done by your orders?"

"I am not here to answer questions, Manley."

Manley stood with his eyes half closed; yet he was very far, indeed, from being asleep.

He appeared to be undecided, wavering, yet that appearance belied him.

"See here, sir," he suddenly called loudly, "this is the third time that you have menaced my life. This thing must stop, and I mean to stop it right now."

With a sudden bound Manley hurled himself upon his opponent. They went to the earth together, but Manley's fingers were gripped in a determined stranglehold.

Manley's next words came between clenched teeth, yet he spoke loudly enough to be heard in the woods on either side:

"You scoundrel, if your man shoots, it will be the signal for you to be choked to death. If he comes into sight I'll finish you, in any event. If he stays out of sight, his best shot will be so poor that he's as likely to hit you as myself."

The wretch's tongue was protruding, his face passing from a red to a purple hue.

"Hurrah!" came the answer from the woods.

There was the sound of other voices, and another sound of a scuffle.

It was Hal's voice that sounded now.

Manley relaxed his pressure somewhat just before strangling his opponent into insensibility.

Another cheer, and Hal's squad of the Up and At 'Em Boys came charging through the underbrush, forcing Mr. Simmons before them.

Arrived at the road, they promptly threw their prisoner

face down in the road, Jackets and Al squatting beside him.

Hal brandished a curious looking air rifle, with a pneumatic bulb just back of the trigger.

"Here's the infernal gun," announced Hal, as Frank rose, relinquishing his own assailant to others of the fellows.

"It's one of those miserable French inventions for committing secret assassination," observed Manley, looking at the gun. "I've read about them in the Sunday papers. Break it."

"But it's a bully curio," objected Hal.

"Maybe, but it's a kind of weapon that has no right to exist," retorted Frank. "Smash it! Put it out of business!"

"All right, if you say so," sighed Hal, a born collector of curious things.

Simmons and his employer had been allowed to sit up. They did not attempt to rise, however.

With so many fleet-footed and husky youngsters about it would not have been worth while.

Young Crozier, in point of fact, was in no condition to try to escape. Athletic young man though he was, he had been so effectively choked that it would take him some minutes yet to get his breathing apparatus righted.

"Keep that fellow tight," ordered Frank, pointing to Simmons.

"Oh, he'll stay where he's put," jeered Jackets. "If he even tries to make a fight or a fuss I'll knock him out so that he won't get back for the next few minutes."

It was a feat that even little Jackets would have been quite able to perform with one of his jiu-jitsu vital touches.

"As for this fellow," went on Manley, grimly, as he and Hal bent over young Crozier, "he's to be stripped to the waist."

"What——" began the astonished wretch.

But Manley cut him briskly short with:

"Any question, objection or fuss will cost you another choking."

That threat was sufficient. Young Crozier was stripped to the waist, and his hands tied with the cords that the Up and At 'Em Boys carried, even in their running clothes.

"Now over to that tree with him," ordered Manley.

Young Crozier soon found himself tied securely, face to the tree.

Then the troublesome Mr. Simmons was disposed of in the same fashion.

"Fellows," spoke Manley, slowly, "if I'm wrong, I hope you'll say so quickly. You know what these wretches have done to us. Will it be too severe on our part if we break off switches and give them each a good, solid drubbing across their backs?"

Hal looked at his chum, then stepped to the nearest stout bush, from which he broke a switch.

The others followed suit.

"Lay on!" directed the young captain of the Wood-

And "lay on" they certainly did, raining blows until they brought howls and curses from their victims and raised great welts on their backs.

"Stop!" interposed Manley, grimly, at last. "Now, you rascals, your shirts may not feel exactly comfortable for a few days. But I hope you have had a lesson that will last all right. The man who's in the wrong in a thing nearly always comes out behind the fellow who's in the right. Cut them loose, fellows."

This done, the Up and At 'Em Boys prepared for the run home.

Yet, just before they started, Manley suggested, mockingly:

"Gentlemen, if you feel that we have gone beyond our rights, I suggest that you have us arrested and have the matter looked into by some good and upright old judge. If you don't, we shall feel that you admit yourselves to be a very properly beaten pair of rascals! Good-morning!"

CHAPTER VII.

WHERE WAS "YOUNG CROZIER."

"Hiding, of course!"

"And plotting mischief."

"If we could only find him!"

"And if we don't, then a trap will be sprung under us," nodded Frank Manley.

It was early on Thursday morning.

So far only half a dozen of the fellows had reached the gymnasium.

These, having hurried into running togs, had gathered in the cozy office.

Jackets and Joe had just made reports to their young chief on an important matter.

Frank had been making every possible effort to locate "Young Crozier."

That worthy had disappeared.

After his severe thrashing at the hands of the Up and At 'Em Boys on Tuesday morning, all trace had been lost of this scoundrel and his henchman, Simmons.

That they were not living at the Crozier house, out in the suburbs, appeared to be a certainty.

On Tuesday, and twice on Wednesday—the last time late at night—Joe had prowled around that house, but all to no purpose.

The scoundrels were not in Woodstock. That much was certain. One whom Frank Manley wanted to find could not remain in Woodstock twenty-four hours undiscovered.

During two days Jackets had explored Barberville and other nearby towns.

To Tod Owen and some of his most dependable fellows had been entrusted the work of scouring Bradford.

"There's every reason to believe, then," summed up Frank, "that our friends, the enemy, are conducting operations from some town not very close to here. I have had

other fellows look into all of the unoccupied houses hereabouts."

"Why not suppose that they have given up trying to find old Mr. Crozier?" suggested Hal.

Frank shook his head emphatically.

"No, sir! That fellow who insists that he is Crozier's son isn't the kind of chap to give up so easily. Neither is Simmons one of the say-die kind. He was picked out for his share in this business on account of his nerve and staying qualities."

"After the awful welting you fellows gave them they are probably lying-up for repairs," ventured Joe.

"Not on your life," negatived our hero, with more vigor than eloquence. "Why, these scoundrels have only till Saturday. On Friday the old man's daughter, Louise, is due to arrive in New York from Italy. By Saturday she'll be here. She's a girl full of spunk and ginger, and once she gets charge of her father she'll put these rascals to rout."

"If she can do that so easily," asked Joe, "what are these two rascals working so hard for?"

Frank's answer came promptly:

"They want control of the poor old man's body. Then they can frighten him into parting with a good share of his wealth. Failing in that, it was their plan to have him in an asylum where the people can be 'fixed' to let the old man die. Then a curious will would be brought forward. But let Louise Crozier once get here, with her vim and fight—and her knowledge of her alleged brother's real standing—and they can't do any harm to the old man after that. Even if they did, it would do them no good."

"Then, in spite of their sore backs, you believe that young Crozier and Simmons are up to mischief?" asked Joe Prescott.

"Night and day."

"But what can they do?"

"Hunt for the whereabouts of the old man."

"Simmons and his boss must be too lame to do much hunting."

"They can hire some one else to do the hunting for them."

"Some one they can trust?"

"Well, as much as one rascal ever can trust another. There are lots of cheap detective agencies in this country where you can hire a man to do pretty mean work. Young Crozier wants to know where his alleged father is. He has only to offer a reward of a thousand or two, and a dozen shady detectives will go out looking for the reward."

"Where is the old man?" asked Joe, in an undertone.

"I don't know," Frank answered. "I asked Hal not to tell me."

"Why?"

"Well, at first I was afraid they might try to get an order of court compelling me to tell the old man's whereabouts. So I was fixed not to know, and it was arranged so that I could get the tip to Hal to disappear. But that seems to be unnecessary now, for those fellows have gone

so far that they simply wouldn't dare to go into court in proceedings against me."

"Old Mr. Crozier ought to be taken a good distance away from this part of the country, anyway," suggested Joe, who had followed our hero into the board room.

"He can't be," muttered Frank.

"Why not?"

"He got too bad a cold the other morning, standing outdoors so long in nothing but pajamas."

"Is he ill now?"

"He was threatened with pneumonia."

"Have a doctor for him?"

"Couldn't. It might get out that the doctor was visiting a home in which all the people known to be there were up and around."

"But is the old fellow safe without medical attendance?" asked Joe.

"As safe as he would be with medicine, I guess," retorted Manley. "He has been kept in bed, and at least is no worse."

"You hear from him regularly?"

"Three times a day. Hal attends to that, and he doesn't go near the place, either. But he has a message sent to a house that has a telephone. The people who call Hal up over the wire don't even guess the meaning of the word they send. And that's all I know about it."

"If Simmons and his boss find out where the old man is——"

"They'll kidnap him," finished Frank, promptly. "That's why I'd like so much to locate young Crozier and Simmons. Then I could have them watched, and find out, perhaps, the directions in which they are moving."

"Have you got a watch on the place where old Mr. Crozier is resting?"

"I can't have," replied Manley, glumly. "I can't keep our fellows out of bed all night, nor away from school in the daytime."

"It's a hard case to watch, then," admitted Joe.

"If we can keep the coast clear for forty-eight hours longer we'll have done our work," replied Manley, smiling for the first time during the talk. "That's all I'm hoping for—two days more of good luck."

"Five o'clock," reported Hal, looking in at the door.

"How many fellows on hand?" asked Frank, briskly.

He had become, in an instant, the alert physical trainer with important work on hand.

"Nearly all present now," answered Hal.

"Give the rest five minutes more in which to report. Bar out, for discipline, any fellow who reports later than five minutes past five."

With that Manley darted across the gym floor to the locker room.

Here were nearly all the fellows of the club dressing hastily, many of them yawning as they drew on their short trousers or fastened their shoes.

"I can guess that some of those present stayed up a little late last night," smiled Manley. "Well, you'll get a run that'll wake you up this morning."

"Long run?" yawned Humphrey.

"Only seven miles, but the pace will be a little faster. We've got to bring endurance up to a little better pitch."

Two more fellows hurried in and hastily began to disrobe.

"You'll be the last fellows to get in in this morning's run, I guess," nodded Manley.

"That's what Hal said."

"Well, hurry up, you fellows. Those who are ready would do well to get outside for some deep breathing of this grand old morning air before we start."

As Frank himself reached the outer door of the office, on the way to follow his own advice, he encountered Cranston and Lucas just hurrying up the steps.

"Too late," admonished Manley, crisply. "Fellows who can't get here on time will have to do some thinking. Any real athlete can get up out of bed. He's strong enough."

"Oversl——" began Cranston.

"Lay abed to yawn, and dropped asleep again," reported Lucas.

"Too bad for both of you. The board will decide upon what sort of penance."

"It won't take us long to get into our clothes," urged Cranston.

"We're not going to wait for you. Hal, pass the word back for all the runners to pile out. Cranston and Lucas, better luck next time!"

Hal remained in the locker room until the last of the runners had departed. Then he came to the outer door to report.

"Fall in, then!" shouted Manley. "Take Jackets for pace. Get on Jackets."

Little Winston darted away, the others falling in behind him and getting over the ground with long, easy strides.

Joe ran in the middle of the bunch, keeping his glance on some of the lesser runners, while Frank and Hal ran at the rear of the squad, ready to urge on stragglers or to order them out of the run.

On they raced, their chests expanding to admit the frosty morning air, the blood rushing through their veins.

Who wouldn't be an athlete, capable of running with the Woodstock boys?

It was worth to these youngsters all the effort it had cost them to develop wind and to build up leg, chest and back muscles!

First of all Jackets piloted the squad down along the river road.

The clip was now a good one—faster, considerably, than the usual jogging gait of the boys on distance runs.

This morning's work was to be a test of wind and muscular staying power.

"Ice!" shouted back Jackets, as he caught sight of the thin skin over the surface of Green river.

Back down along the line traveled that word:

"Ice! Ice!"

Almost instantly, running though they were, these long-

winded youngsters broke into the triumphant refrain of "Glory, Glory, Hallelujah!"

"Ice!"

How eagerly these doughty young-men-not-afraid-of sport were looking forward to the day when the surface of the river should be strong and solid enough to bear their weight!

Then the click of steel would ring out, the plunk of the hockey stick would be heard, with the whir of the puck and the yells of players and onlookers!

Ice! The very thought of it put more steam into the running that was building up every boy of them into a better and stronger sportsman on the ice!

But the course mapped out for Jackets soon took them away from the river.

Turning into a cross-road, they sped off into the country, up over and down again into the hollow.

Another hill, a long stretch of level, and then a third hill.

The run was purposely hard this morning, at the gait at which the Up and At 'Em Boys were traveling!

Yet Manley noted with huge satisfaction that, though now four miles had been covered, only one man had dropped out and gone back, while none of the others showed signs of being used up.

"Great work!" chuckled our hero to his chum.

It was the same story at five miles and a half.

Frank, feeling that the test had been severe enough, now passed word forward to Jackets to moderate the gait.

Light was coming now, but in what was left of the gloom Joe noted a sudden glow on the front portion of a lonely cottage that they were nearing.

"Why, there's smoke, too," muttered Joe to the fellow running at his side.

"Thurston's house is afire!" passed through the ranks of the runners.

"Quick!" shouted Manley.

Quivering, Hal whispered something to him.

"Quicker!" roared Manley, with fever in his tone.

CHAPTER VIII.

THROUGH FLAME TO—WHAT?

Under the impetus of that stirring order the youngsters drew in second wind and fairly sprinted down the country road toward the Thurston house.

The flames were mounting quickly now at the front of the house, breaking through the second story.

That the Thurstons were up was evident from the cries that came from the front of the house.

Shrieking, little Ida Thurston darted out of the house, her brother following her more lumberingly.

Just then the girl caught sight of the approaching runners.

"Quick! Oh, I'm afraid you're too late!" screamed Ida, as the runners dashed up.

Frank's heart thumped suffocatingly.

There was vastly more at stake in the blazing home than the frantic child guessed.

For Hal had whispered in our hero's ear:

"That's where I took old Mr. Crozier. He's there now—in the very room that the flames are coming from!"

A three-and-a-half-foot fence stood in their way, but this most of the young athletes crossed in a flying leap.

By the time that he was over the fence Manley had gained ground so that he led the squad.

Nor did Frank stop to question the girl.

He caught her up in his arms, racing toward the blazing house.

"Is every one safely out, Ida?" queried our hero, breathlessly.

"All except our lodger from the poorhouse!" gasped the child.

Hal had instructed Mr. and Mrs. Thurston to explain to their children that Mr. Crozier was merely an unfortunate sent there by the poor authorities.

Mr. and Mrs. Thurston came hurrying out through the back door, as if to confirm the child's statement of their safety.

"Didn't you get your lodger out, Mr. Thurston?" shouted Manley.

"Couldn't," groaned the man. "My rheumatiz is too bad this morning."

Manley's quick eye had already told him that the house, in the absence of hydrants and fire-fighting apparatus, was doomed.

But, at any cost, the helpless old man in the upper chamber must be got out of the blazing pile!

The flame-enveloped timbers up there were crackling as if in a furnace of intense draught.

"Hal, Joe—follow me!" came the leader's orders, quick and sharp. "The rest stay out."

Followed by his two chums, Manley dashed in through the open front door.

Others than those called tried to follow, but Sato and Winston dashed to the doorway, driving those eager ones back.

If the three leaders of the club could not do the work cut out for them, then more helpers would only be in the way.

Frank darted up the short, steep stairway, fighting for his breath in that hot, smoke-laden, choking, suffocating atmosphere.

He reached the door, still closed, of Mr. Crozier's room.

The knob yielded to a turn, however, and Frank strode inside.

There on the floor lay the old man, just as he had fallen in getting out of bed.

His face was to the floor. In that ugly moment some instinct had taught Mr. Crozier that he could find better air to breathe closer to the floor.

Like a flash Frank snatched the old man up in his arms and turned madly for safety.

"Bring bedclothes!" he shouted to his chums. "All the clothes you can find."

Amid cheers from the onlookers Manley staggered down the stairs and appeared outside with his burden.

There was an anxious pause, after which Hal and Joe came into sight, under burdens of blankets and quilts snatched from Mr. Crozier's and other bedrooms.

Some of the bedclothing had caught fire in the swift flight, but with so many of the boys at hand the smouldering flames were quickly extinguished.

In the meantime Manley, with his burden still in his arms, had darted around to a shed that stood untouched by flame at the rear of the house.

Into this little building Manley stepped, where he was followed almost immediately by Hal and Joe.

"Wrap him up warmly," ordered Frank, holding out his human burden without setting it down.

After the wrapping had been accomplished a feeble cough came from the old man.

"You're safe and sound!" cried Frank, cheerily.

"Wouldn't have been in two minutes more," sputtered the old man. "I've swallowed a power of smoke."

The house was going fast. The Thurstons, having given up all hope of saving anything, stood looking tearfully on.

"The place is insured, anyway—that's a blessing," muttered Mr. Thurston. "We shan't be quite cleaned out."

Leaving old Mr. Crozier with his two lieutenants, Manley had stepped out to see how matters stood.

"If that old man pulls through safely, I reckon you'll lose a heap sight less than you'll win," whispered our hero.

Frank sauntered back into the shed, but Joe soon came out again.

By a signal he brought the Up and At 'Em Boys close to him.

"Manley'll soon come out with the old man in his arms," murmured Joe. "He'll do a fast sprint away. He does not want to be followed by any one who may be spying about. Understand? So you fellows want to keep well to the rear and on both flanks. As you trail after Manley, you don't want to let any stranger get through toward him. Understand? Stop all pursuit until he has got safely out of sight. Now I guess you all know what's wanted of you."

The youngsters looked keenly at each other.

This matter was plain enough.

Frank Manley was to dart away, bearing old Mr. Crozier in his arms.

In the woods near by spies might be lurking—the same people who had contrived to set the Thurston house afire from the inside.

If these spies and firebugs tried to follow after to see to what new place of safety Manley bore his aged charge, then the Up and At 'Em Boys were to stop that pursuit.

It was all plain enough!

"Here comes Frank now!" warned Joe.

Frank Manley came in sight, with a long bundle wrapped in his arms.

Almost at the first step he broke into a fast run, starting in the direction of Woodstock.

"Follow, but not too close!" ordered Joe.

Manley's direction took them down the road, then into the woods.

Some of the youngsters followed at his rear; others spread to either side of his line of flight.

It was difficult to see how any spy could break through that guarding line to Manley's rear!

Within three minutes Frank had vanished from the sight of the young runners traveling in his wake.

After still another two minutes it dawned upon the guarding Up and At 'Em Boys that, since they could no longer see their leader, neither could any possible pursuers.

So the runners halted for wind, and then, strongly excited by their morning's work, straggled back to the gym in small groups.

They must have taken things easily on the way, for, by the time that they reached the gym Frank had attended to his own part of the business and was now at his morning bath.

"Don't believe any unwelcome people succeeded in getting close to our trail, Frank," grinned Si Prentiss.

"Glad of that," responded Manley, drily. "Mighty glad!"

They knew their leader too well, these Up and At 'Em Boys, to ask where our hero had taken Mr. Crozier.

The fact was, though these youngsters did not even suspect it, Frank had not taken Mr. Crozier anywhere.

Our hero had made his startling breakaway, amply guarded at his rear, with a dummy bundle, made up only of bedclothing.

It was Hal and Joe who, fifteen minutes after the dramatic false start, had really carried the old man to a safe retreat in another direction altogether.

Surely the trick that had fooled even the Up and At 'Em Boys must have succeeded equally well in deceiving any evil prowlers who lurked in the neighborhood of the blazing ruins of the Thurston home!

CHAPTER IX.

THE ENEMY THAT CAME IN THE NIGHT.

"Be here at seven to-night!"

That was the message that Manley gave his four chums before they left the gym that afternoon.

It was Friday now, and all had gone well as to the safety of old Mr. Crozier.

Hal had heard, as late as that afternoon, that the old man was not only still safe in his new shelter, but that he was rapidly recovering from the effects of his chill of Monday morning, and from the later effects of the choking smoke.

When Manley made an appointment with his chums, they knew that it was to be promptly kept.

More than that, they knew that their young leader never made an appointment unless there was some good reason for it.

It had been a highly successful week.

The youngsters had developed even better running powers than their young captain had expected.

In addition to that, now that the hard grind of the football season was over, the boys had had time to resume the regular Thursday afternoon dancing reception, given them by the girl's club.

The girls still furnished the orchestra and the dancing partners, but it was no longer necessary for them to provide the hall.

The gym floor, cleared of all apparatus, had been tried as a dancing floor, and had been pronounced a huge success.

And now the boys were looking forward to a Saturday that would seem to them almost a day of rest.

For, in the first place, the first Saturday in many a moon, there was to be no contest with a rival club.

So on this day the youngsters might sleep late if they wanted to, it being agreed that the club should not meet for drill until eight o'clock in the morning.

Then, after a little training work, the club was to set out on a stiff, whirling ten-mile run. That was to be the achievement for Saturday of this week.

In expectation of this few of the fellows were liable to report at the gym Friday evening.

But promptly at the stroke of seven there had arrived the last one of Manley's four chums—Hal, Joe, Winston and Sato.

Frank led them into the cosy board room, where, around the big table, they gathered to hear what their chief had to say.

"This Crozier matter has worried us a good deal," began Frank, in a low voice. "But I think we see our way safely out of it all to-night."

"I have just sent a telegram that will reach Miss Crozier at her hotel in New York this evening, or as soon as she arrives from the steamer. I have given her a hint of what has been happening, and have informed her that she will find her father safe at my home."

"At your home?" broke in Joe, with deep interest.

"That's what I wired her."

"But is the old gentleman at your house?"

"No; but he will be," smiled Frank.

"Oh!"

"He'll be there to-night—all night, in fact," Manley went on.

"You are going to send for him?"

"I am going after him."

The other youngsters looked at each other.

"I suppose you have a reason for bringing the old man to your house at the last moment," Joe suggested.

"I have."

"Can we know it?"

"Certainly. For to-night Mr. Crozier will be safer under my roof. I would have taken him there in the first place, but I am away from home a good deal, and naturally my mother wouldn't be equal to any forcible attempt made against Mr. Crozier.

"So I have preferred to leave him in some safe hiding place. But this evening we will bring him down to the house. We'll put him in the room next to mine. Hal will sleep on the sofa in the same room, while Joe will share my bed with me.

"Thus we three shall be on hand to frustrate any attempt that could possibly be made against our charge.

"In the morning, while I'm here, I'll send two of the fellows up to the house to stay with Mr. Crozier. And thus he'll be safe until Miss Louise Crozier arrives, some time to-morrow. Then our responsibility in the matter will be over."

"How are you going to bring the old man to town?" asked Sato.

"I have, now hitched at the livery stable, a closed wagonette and a pair of horses. We'll drive to where Mr. Crozier is. Then we'll wrap him up warmly and move him. That'll be our last step until Miss Crozier reports."

"No sign of the enemy, I suppose?" asked Winston.

"Not a sign. If they tried to follow me yesterday—or even if they succeeded in following—they were led off the trail. I almost believe that young Crozier has given up his attempts in despair."

"He must be sore, then," muttered Joe.

"Undoubtedly he is," smiled Manley. "That's a failing with rascals who find their plans gone wrong."

"I only hope," broke in Hal, "that they don't feel so sore about it that they will try to get square with our captain."

"I guess we've pulled their teeth on the revenge proposition," laughed Frank. "You know we got that infernal air rifle and smashed it."

"That part's all right," objected Hal, "provided they don't know where to get another gun of the same make."

"Oh, well," retorted Frank, "life wouldn't be worth living if we didn't have to take a few chances."

"That's all right," grumbled Hal. "But it seems to me that you've taken enough already to last any reasonable fellow a lifetime."

"Which, in a way, makes me think," broke in Manley, rising, "that it's quite time for us to get that wagonette out of the stable and start after Mr. Crozier."

Ten minutes later they were under way to the Benson farmhouse, two and a half miles out from town.

Frank and Hal sat in the keen wind on the box, while the others lolled more comfortably in the warmer inside of the vehicle.

"I don't know when I've been as anxious over a matter in a long time," confessed Manley, as they turned a bend in the road and came in sight of the snug Benson farmhouse. "I shall feel mighty thankful to-morrow, when I turn over the whole affair to Miss Crozier."

They drove up to the house at a larrupping gait, the sound of the hoofs and wheels bringing Farmer Benson to the door.

"All well here?" hailed our hero.

"All well!" nodded the farmer.

He held a lantern to light his young callers into the big kitchen, which served also as a living room.

"Well, we've come to take your lodger away with us to-night," began Frank.

"Oh, you have?"

"That's the idea."

"Old man's gal got back?"

"She's expected to-morrow."

Manley then detailed his plan, adding:

"Your report this afternoon assured me that Mr. Crozier's health was improving all the time."

"That was true. The old man was sound asleep at last accounts."

"Any one with him now?" Frank asked.

"Why, my wife was up twenty minutes ago. Then she said the old man was sound asleep and that she was going to lie down and rest in her room."

"But you sent some other member of the family to take your wife's place?" demanded Frank. "It was understood, you know, that some one was to be with Mr. Crozier all the time."

"Oh, my wife said she would leave the doors of both rooms open."

"I hope nothing has gone wrong," said Frank, quickly. "Let's go up at once."

The farmer picked up his lantern again. Only Manley followed, the other youngsters remaining behind.

"That's queer," muttered Benson, as they reached the top of the flight of stairs. "My wife's door's closed, and the old man's, too."

"Which is Mr. Crozier's door?"

"Front room, straight ahead."

Frank fairly bounded to the door, threw it open, and leaped into the room.

Then he felt sick, dizzy!

For the bed was empty. The late lodger was gone!

"He may not be out of the house!" gasped Manley, the color leaving his face. "Quick—a thorough search! And where's your wife?"

But Benson had already started toward his wife's room.

"Gone, you say? Where? What—I don't know."

Manley had gone bounding down the stairs to carry the news to his chums.

While Joe and Sato ran out into the yard to search, Hal and Jackets aided in exploring every room of the house.

But within five minutes all felt sure that Mr. Crozier had been spirited away from the place.

The careless Bensons were profuse in their explanations and apologies.

"I'm afraid you've lost a big reward in failing in your trust—that's what!" uttered Manley, sternly.

Leaving the wagonette at the farm, the five youngsters,

after first going to the nearest telephone to call out other members of the club, began to scour the country in systematic fashion.

Until late in the evening they were busy, but there was not a trace.

Chief of Police Griscomb was notified early. He set the police machinery of Woodstock and other nearby towns in motion, but all with as little result as that achieved by the boys themselves.

Late at night the larger portion of the club's membership met at the gym to discuss the results—or the lack of results, as Joe aptly expressed it.

And there a telegram found its way to Manley. It was from Miss Louise Crozier, expressing heartfelt thanks, and stating that she would leave New York by the first morning train.

"Poor girl," muttered Manley; "this will be a knock-out blow for her."

Nevertheless, his duty in the matter was so clear that he picked up a telephone blank and sent a second message to Miss Crozier, giving her the latest, terrible news.

"Well, I am not going to keep all of you fellows out of your beds to no purpose," announced Frank, when the messenger had taken his despatch away.

But he asked Hal and Joe to carry out a part of the original programme by going to his house to sleep for the night.

"For Chief Griscomb will rouse me if anything in the way of a clew turns up," he explained.

"A whole week's work lost—and worse—just because of that couple's infernal carelessness!" exclaimed Joe, angrily.

"It may not be wasted yet. We have some chance to win out," declared Manley. "We've done all that we can do so far to-night. But the police, who can cover a much wider field than we can, may have some word for us that will set us off at top speed in the middle of the night. And now for the first duty of a soldier. Do you know what that is?"

Hal and Joe shook their heads.

"The first duty of a soldier is to obey orders: and second, when he has nothing else to do," Manley went on, "is to sleep soundly against the next strain that comes on his strength. So now, having nothing else to do, we'll get over to the house and begin snoozing as soon as we can get ourself between white sheets!"

CHAPTER X.

MISCHIEF GETS INTO THE TRAINING HOUR.

"How many of you fellows have eaten this morning?"

That was the question that Frank Manley put to the youngsters as they stepped briskly out from the locker room to the gym floor.

"Why, all of us, I guess," called Prentiss.

"I haven't," announced Foster.

"Why not?"

Manley turned upon him almost as if he were an offender.

"Because I want to get the most possible out of my run to-day, and therefore I'm going to try it on an empty stomach."

"Sensible boy," announced Frank, his face relaxing so that Foster felt less like a culprit.

"Why is it best to run on an empty stomach?" asked Cranston.

"I'm with Foster, anyway," replied Manley. "I haven't eaten, either; and I wouldn't at any time within three or four hours of the time that I started for a really long run. You know we never eat first when we are out for a really early run. But Foster's case isn't what I want to get at. Now, then, among those of you who have eaten, how many finished as late as half-past seven?"

Two of the boys admitted they had left the table as late as half-past seven.

"And how many finished eating as late as seven?" went on Manley.

Five more boys were added to the list of late eaters.

"How many have finished their morning meal at any time later than six-thirty?" persisted Frank.

A few more were heard from.

"It is now eight o'clock," announced Manley. "Any fellow who has eaten a morsel of food within the last hour and a half must consider himself barred from the work of training hour. I've tried to tell you all, many a time, that no brisk exercise should be taken within an hour and a half after eating. Those who lose the training work may be thankful that they're not barred from the run also."

"Better take a look at the fellows who admit that they have eaten later than six-thirty," advised Hal, quietly. "They admit, by their own confession, that they either don't know or don't obey one of the important rules of athletics."

"It's what I call tough," muttered one of the barred eaters.

"Yes, it is," pursued Joe. "Tough that a fellow who belongs to an athletic club hasn't brains enough to follow the simple rules that should govern athletics."

"The court has spoken," laughed Larabee.

"Now, those who are qualified will go on with the training hour," went on Manley. "We're going to hear from the home-made boy again to-day.* But before I intro-

*The home-made boy is one of the institutions of the Woodstock Junior Athletic Club. He is any member who invents a simple gymnastic appliance such as any boy can manufacture for himself. Every important phase of gymnastic work is covered in this series. The plan of campaign for fall and winter work for young athletes is outlined in No. 1 of Frank Manley's Weekly. In each of the succeeding numbers up to date the different forms of simple apparatus, with their uses and an account of the good they do, are described. Descriptions of other simple pieces of home-made gymnastic apparatus will appear in these pages from week to week for the present, and the whole will constitute a complete course in physical training. No boy needs to be without a gymnasium, since, under our author's capable direction, he can supply himself with his own gymnasium.—Editor.

duce him to you I want to say that, although winter is here, all of the new ideas submitted must be suitable for use either in a gym or outdoors. And now I'll introduce the home-made boy for this week."

"You'll have to look up here to see him," laughed a voice from above.

All eyes were instantly turned on the running gallery overhead.

At the rail stood George Lucas, the youngster who was always fond of performing "stunts," but who sometimes made a bad bungle of them.

"This is something that will keep you working," promised Lucas.

He tossed over the rail a hoop some fifteen inches in diameter.

It fell, then brought up by the end of a cord which had been fastened to the rail.

The hoop now hung so that the lower rim was about seven feet above the gym floor.

"Just a bit of plain old barrel hoop," muttered somebody.

"And therefore just what we want," smiled Manley. "It is so simple that the stupidest fellow among you can make one."

"Three cheers for stupid Lucas!" called out one of the youngsters.

The cheers were given laughingly, followed by a yell of "idiot" in the place of a "tiger."

Lucas flushed, and looked ready to get mad, but Manley broke in soothingly:

"It's all right, George. The colts are frisky this morning—that's all. But some of them will find that they can't do your stunt, and then the laugh will be on them."

"Oh, of course it's a stunt," jeered another youngster. "And I'll bet Lucas can't do it himself. He never can do his own stunts."

Lucas flushed again. He was "touchy" by nature, and the spirit of mischief was in the air that morning.

"That mat will have to come up," said Lucas, pointing to a wrestling pad that lay across the floor just under the hoop.

With great gravity Joe Prescott bent over to lift the mat. Hal sprang to help him. They stood the mat on end against the wall.

"Lucas has asked me to act as his lecturer," went on Manley. "He wants me to do the talking, but he'll do the work."

"That ain't a bit like Lucas," sneered another member. "He's generally willing to do the talking, if some one else will do the work."

Manley frowned down the offender and continued:

"This invention is to be known as the ball-and-ring sprinting device. Lucas has the ball, a soft, hollow, rubber one."

Lucas, who had retired to the further end of the gym floor, now held up the ball.

"This feat can be done even better outdoors than in-

doors; still, we can manage it here. For that matter, any one of you who has a barn can rig it up there."

"For the jackasses to play with?" piped some one.

"Gentlemen," retorted Manley, gravely, "I trust that the same spirit of courtesy will prevail during our deliberations that is expected of members of the United States Senate."

"Now, Lucas will start toward the ring at a rather slow run. But as he gets close to the ring he will increase his gait to the swiftest sprint of which he is capable."

"A hundred yards in a minute and a half!" laughed some one.

Lucas' face was flushing in a way that showed how the badinage was annoying him.

"He approaches the ring at a fast sprint," went on Frank. "Just as he is six or seven feet away from the ring he tosses the ball so that it passes through the hoop. Now, the trick is that he must dash ahead fast enough to catch the ball as it falls on the further side of the hoop. Simple as it may sound, most of you fellows will find that there is plenty of work needed to make one perfect at the trick. Go ahead, George."

Lucas sprang forward. By the time that he neared the hoop he was traveling fast.

While still seven or eight feet from the hoop he tossed the ball, sending it through the hoop.

But that was as far as the doer of stunts got.

In some unaccountable way the wrestling mat fell forward to its former position.

One of the runner's feet touched the edge of the mat. He tripped and went sprawling on it.

He was up in a twinkling, mad all the way through; nor did the hearty roar of laughter that greeted him cool his spirits any.

"Stop this nonsense, all of you!" called Manley, sternly.

Joe went after the rolling ball, came back with it, and handed it to Lucas, whispering:

"Don't mind these laughing hyenas, old fellow. Keep your nerve and go ahead with the stunt."

It was something to be addressed by Joe as "old fellow." Swallowing his rage, Lucas returned to the upper end of the gym floor.

He made another start, amid some tittering.

But the former spring was gone from his sprinting dash.

He was rattled, his nerve half gone.

Running half heartedly, Lucas tossed the ball through the hoop.

It was out of the question, though, for him to travel fast enough this time to catch the ball.

It fell to the hard cement floor. Then—

Bang!

There was a swift puff of smoke where the ball had fallen.

The explosion was loud enough for the thing to have been a bomb.

Utterly unprepared for any such happening, a doren of

the fellows jumped in their alarm. Some of them lost color.

"Anarchist!"

That was Hal's angry voice as he leaped forward, seizing Lucas by the shoulders.

Undoubtedly the most startled of all present was George Lucas himself.

His face was deathly white, and he shook as if with a chill.

"What do you mean by doing a thing like that?" rang Hal's voice.

He shook the luckless fellow.

The other youngsters closed in, some of them mad—all curious.

But Manley's first move had been to make a dive for what was left of the rubber ball.

It lay on the floor now, in two halves, the inner rubber surfaces blackened.

Near by were littered several pebbles and bits of colored paper and tinfoil.

It took our hero only a moment to realize that the paper, the foil and the pebbles all looked like the remains of a certain make of torpedoes that Frank had sold at his store the Fourth of July before.

These torpedoes, while neither large nor heavy, had peculiar explosive force.

A box of these torpedoes had been left over in stock at the store.

Manley picked up the two halves of the rubber ball.

He saw at a glance that the ball had been cut neatly in halves, and that these halves had been cleverly glued together again after the insertion of the torpedo.

"Joe had access to that box of torpedoes at the store, and it was he who picked up the ball and handed it back to Lucas," reflected the young captain swiftly. "Oh, Joe, you wretch!"

Hal's voice was still ripping out explosively as he held Lucas.

"George, what did you mean by springing such an outrage?"

"I didn't know——" Lucas tried to explain.

"Didn't know that a bomb would explode?" insisted Hal, savagely.

"It ain't a bomb. It wasn't one," the unlucky Lucas chattered.

"Wasn't a bomb," echoed Hal, in high dudgeon. "What was it, then? Do apples, or peanuts, or handkerchiefs explode that way when they're dropped?"

He shook Lucas again, while the faces of the youngsters pressing close to him made Lucas realize what the faces of a lynching mob must look like.

"I didn't know it would explode like that," chattered the culprit. "I didn't know——"

"He didn't know it was loaded—that's what he wants you to believe," broke in Joe, with fine scorn.

"Honest, I didn't know——" Lucas tried to go on.

"Stop shaking him for a minute, Hal," requested Joe.

"See here, Lucas; are you such a double-distilled idiot

that you'd actually bring a rubber ball into this gym without first making sure that it wasn't loaded?"

"But whoever heard of a rubber ball being loaded before?" protested Lucas.

"The fact that no one ever heard of such a thing before should have made you all the more careful," retorted Joe, severely. "Do you take no pride in this fine gymnasium of ours?"

"Of course I do."

"Yet you do a thing like this!"

"I tell you I didn't know——"

"And you admit that you didn't care enough to take the simple precaution of finding out whether you practiced with a rubber ball or an infernal machine!" thundered Joe. "I tell you, Lucas; you're not fit to be trusted here. As for the club, all it has to be thankful for is that this was only a rubber ball, and not a punching-bag!"

At this declaration the roar that was being stifled could no longer be kept in.

The laughter that followed all but made the solid building shake.

"Oh, you shut up!" bellowed Lucas, who suddenly realized how ludicrous a figure he was cutting. "And, anyway, Joe Prescott, it was you who pretended to hand me back the same ball that I had dropped. It was you who——"

But the increasing din of laughter downed the rest of the accusation.

It was time to end the nonsense before it went too far.

Frank stepped forward, placed his arm around Lucas' shoulders, and said, quietly:

"George, when a ridiculous joke has been played on you it is always better to admit the joke, even though you do make up your mind inwardly to get square. So, let it go this time, and laugh as the rest have done. But, fellows—all of you—I hope there'll be no more nonsense here during the training hour. If any more such tricks are perpetrated, I'm going to propose a new rule, by which the joker shall be held over one of the vaulting horses while the victim paddles him with one of those bamboo sticks hanging over there on the wall."

There was some more snickering, but Manley's voice rang out with sudden sharpness.

"Attention! We're going to attend strictly to business now. Any fellow, no matter who he is, who tries any more nonsense will lay himself liable to suspension from the club."

That brought them down to earnest work.

"I'll run with the ball myself, to show you just how the thing is done," proposed our hero, who had possessed himself of Lucas' original rubber sphere.

Frank came down the floor, tossed the ball through the hoop, and caught it successfully on the other side.

But those who looked on saw the tremendous sprinting spurt that he put in just as the ball left his hand to go through the hoop.

"Now, if any of you think this is an easy thing to do," announced Manley, "it won't take you long to discover

your error. For instance, I'm going to call upon one of our newer members, who has had no practice at this feat. Cranston!"

Cranston stepped forward and took the ball.

"Be cool about it," advised Frank. "See that you don't become excited, but use your best speed just as you throw the ball."

Cranston tried pluckily six times, but failed in each attempt.

"Let me take it," proposed Joe, stepping forward.

"You try it, Hal," suggested Manley, handing the ball to Spofford instead.

Joe understood that he had been thus rebuked for his trick on poor Lucas.

Hal failed the first two times that he tried. But after that he got the knack of the thing and seldom failed.

Others of the older members won fair success at the feat, but few of the newer members could do anything with it.

"Now see here," said Frank; "you've been having a lot of fun with Lucas this morning, but I want to tell you that he has invented a very simple thing that is wonderfully important to sprinters. You have all seen how this device makes a fellow suddenly increase his sprinting spring. I predict that if Lucas' feat is tried by every one who is interested in sprinting it won't be long before the old sprinting records will be smashed to smithereens. By the time that a fellow has this new trick down pat he has trained himself for that all-important new push and leap at the end of a fast hundred yards."*

"I've learned one thing about it already," suggested Hal. "That is, that the fellow is running mighty fast when he tosses the ball, and that his tendency is to toss the ball as fast as he is running. Then, of course, he has hardly a chance in a thousand of catching the ball. What the fellow has to remember is to throw the hand well back of the shoulder before sending the ball, and then he must toss rather slowly."

"Just right," nodded Manley. "But the runner must take care not to toss the ball too slowly, or he'll spoil his chances of improving his sprinting. Now I hope you fellows will all take a little of this work every day for the present. Get into your running togs for the ten-mile run!"

Off went the youngsters on a scamper.

But Frank walked down to the office door, from which a little fellow had been wistfully watching the doings on the floor.

"On hand, Tim, I see," was Frank's greeting.

"You'll never lose me again," laughed Tim Felton, softly. "Do you know, I am getting strong. Feel my arm."

Tim doubled up a tiny arm, knotting the bicep muscle all he could.

Frank felt of the muscle, saying, smilingly:

"First rate, Tim. You'll be an athlete before we suspect it. Did you see Wallie Egbert hurrying to the locker room just now? He joined last summer, with no strength at all—and to-day he's going on the ten-mile run with us."

"Can I take some of the exercise I saw some of the fellows doing to-day?" demanded Tim, eagerly.

"No; that's a bit too strong for you yet. I'll tell you just what I want you to do for the next week, Tim. Keep up with the work you have been doing so far, and in addition I want you to take a three-mile walk every afternoon after school. Don't try to walk four miles—even if you feel that you can—but satisfy yourself with just three miles every day for the next week."

Not very long ago Tim Felton was a puny little boy who did not seem likely ever to be healthy. He caught the craze for physical training, and began to be a stronger boy almost from the outset. This course of training was such as is intended in the case of any very puny boy who starts from the beginning in the task of building up strength.

Frank had to hurry to the locker room, that he might not be one of the laggards in preparing for the long looked forward to fast ten-mile run.

Within a quarter of an hour the youngsters came tumbling out, capering and yelling outside the gym—full of steam!

CHAPTER XI.

A HINT BY THE ROADSIDE.

"All ready?"

"Ready!" came the answering chorus.

"Then follow Joe for leader and pacemaker. Stragglers to the rear will obey orders from Winston. Go!"

Joe was off, not at sprinting pace, by any means, but at a considerably faster jog than any which the Up and At 'Em Boys had used in former runs.

Hal ran beside Frank, in about the center of the squad, which ran mostly in pairs.

It was odd enough to see Jackets at the rear of any running enterprise.

But he was there for a purpose.

With his great endurance and his powers of spurting, even after many miles had been covered, this crack little athlete was to look after those who lagged behind in the great run.

With Jackets rested discretionary power to order out any runner who showed signs of failing.

If in doubt what order to give to a straggler, Jackets could easily dash up the line and receive Mauley's orders.

There was a steady whump, whump, whump of feet as the long squad loped through the town.

Among the townspeople, the club's well-wishers, who knew that a new standard was being set on this day, stopped to cheer the runners on.

"Go it!"

*The importance to all aspiring sprinters of thoroughly mastering this feat can hardly be overstated. I have seen many promising sprinters who could not do this work until after long practice. I have never seen a sprinter whose running was not vastly improved by faithful daily practice of this feat. The aspirant for sprinting honors should make this attempt from a dozen to two dozen times every day of his training.—The Author

"That's the way!"

"You boys would tire out any horse."

"Nobody looks tired!"

"They are the real thing in junior athletics!"

No hails came back from the column of runners.

On this fast run every man was instructed to save his wind for running alone.

They were quickly through the town. Woodstock was to the rear, and the long stretches of country road opened out before the runners.

Soon the youngsters were climbing the first hill.

Those who were more prudent with their wind in this hard ordeal hoped that Joe would slacken the pace a bit at the first hill.

But Prescott did nothing of the sort.

He held them mercilessly to their work.

As if to put courage into the fellows, Manley darted ahead along the line as they climbed the hill.

That was intended to show them that the hill was not as severe as some of them might have thought.

"Pace right?" asked Joe, briefly.

"O. K.," replied Manley, with equal brevity.

Then, without slowing the least in his run, Manley turned and loped back to the rear of the line.

"Won't you ask Joe to be a little easier on the hills?" asked one of the newer members.

"No talking in the ranks!" floated back over Manley's shoulder.

Our hero took a keen look at little Wallie Egbert as he passed him.

But Wallie, no matter what the state of his muscles or the condition of his wind, had all his nerve with him.

The little fellow showed a cheerful face, and was not panting the least on that hill climb.

"A good start," said Frank to Jackets, as he turned and ran with the little fellow.

"And the first mile of the ten more than covered," replied Winston, cheerily.

"Jackets, I wonder if you'd funk on a fifty-mile stunt?"

"Don't know, of course. But say!"

"Well?"

"I'm going to try it one of these days."

"Not fifty miles!"

"Why not?"

"Jackets, you'd kill yourself."

"I don't know, of course. But it would be worth trying, as a matter of curiosity."

"Jackets, don't ever dare to even start on a fifty-miler."

"Why not start?"

"Because if you started you'd either go through or kill yourself."

Jackets laughed easily.

For a boy who had been both puny and timid, he certainly had developed wonderfully, both in muscle and in nerve.

"I'll never have another protege like this little chap," muttered Manley. "Not even if I were to go into physical training as a business."

But then, as he went on up the line, and noted Wallie Egbert still bravely and cheerily doing as well as any of the veteran members of the club, Frank felt like changing his mind.

"I rather reckon that by next summer Wallie will have about caught up with Winston. What does it mean, I wonder? Is it that physical training makes heroes of all boys who go in for it resolutely? It must be. Certainly we haven't a single coward in the club—and lots of the fellows were timid enough when they first came to us."

Frank ran at Egbert's side just long enough to murmur:

"Wallie, I'm growing mighty proud of you."

"I'm glad I'm suiting you!" replied Wallie, a flush of delight deepening the color that was already in his face.

"No talking while running," smiled Frank. "But, Wallie, I had my doubts about you at the start. Now I believe you're going to finish to-day's run in good shape. If you do you can call yourself an athlete. Think what a change that is since last summer."

Then Frank shot ahead again, realizing that, despite his own splendid wind, he must observe his own rule about not talking in the ranks.

He and Hal ran steadily, side by side.

Manley could remember the time when Spofford would have been puffing from the amount of exertion he had already made.

But now Hal was a runner of runners—not as brilliant as Jackets, but a good, steady, resolute roadster nevertheless.

They were out on a level road now, which stretched away without noticeable rise nor fall for the next half mile.

Here Joe put on more steam.

Some of the fellows wondered if they could be expected to last for ten miles under such heads of steam as Joe imposed.

But it did no good to say anything.

Joe had had his explicit instructions from Manley, and he would set the pace neither slower nor faster than Manley had ordered.

So the half mile was got over, and a long hill rose before them.

But here Joe pleased the more cautious ones, for he slackened the speed just a jot.

They reached the top of the hill in good trim, but now, on the downward slope, Prescott made them travel again.

Frank glanced backward.

The squad's line was stretching out.

Some straggling, then, already.

Manley's hand went up in a signal that brought Winston racing to his side.

"Think we'll have to split?" our hero asked his little aide.

"Not yet, anyway. The fellows at the rear are just loafing a little, not winded."

"Make them close up, then. Any real lagging will be the signal for a second and slower squad. Tell the fellows that they don't want the humiliation of dropping back into a baby squad if they can help it."

Jackets capered slowly back along the last half of the line, passing the word.

By the time that they were on good, level road again Manley had the satisfaction of seeing that the line had been shortened to its starting length.

The road was not remarkably good here. It ran through a sparsely settled farming country.

With every mile the farmhouses became further apart.

Just at this present moment there was but one in sight, a tumble-down, old white affair that stood close to the road.

In the road stood a buggy with a horse attached to it, a farmer's boy standing beside the rig.

As the boy caught sight of the approaching runners he turned, as if calling to some one inside.

Presently the farmer himself came out and stood looking at the runners.

Joe was soon abreast of the farmer and son and quickly passed them.

The farmer continued to look until he caught sight of our hero.

Then he shouted:

"Manley, come here. I want to talk to ye."

It meant a falling out from the run, and Frank felt impatient about it.

But the call was so urgent that he veered and ran to the farmer's side.

"Manley," began the farmer drawlingly, "I just heard about the trouble up at the other farm—about old man Crozier."

"Know anything about it?" demanded Frank.

"Well, I guess rather——"

"Jackets!" called our hero, sharply and loudly.

Winston was well past, but he heard, turned, and came running back.

"Do you know anything about Crozier's whereabouts?" went on our hero, quickly.

"Well, rather!"

"Hurry up, please!"

"I reckon old Crozier must have gone this way an hour ago—in my old covered 'bus."

"Winston," spoke our hero, quickly, "run after the squad and bring it back here. Hurry!"

As Jackets sped away Frank turned again to the farmer, with:

"Now, sir, please tell me all you know about this matter. What part is your 'bus playing in it?"

"Well, ye see," replied the farmer, in that same, provokingly slow, drawling speech, "I've got an old 'bus that I used to use when I kept summer boarders."

"Never mind the boarders, please. What about the use of the 'bus to-day?"

"I'm a-coming to that, ain't I?" demanded the farmer.

"Well, purty near two hours ago a fellow came here—a mighty slick looking feller——"

"Describe him, please."

The farmer was still in his description when the squad came loping up.

At a signal from Joe they halted, their run broken in on.

"The caller was Simmons," Frank muttered inwardly, when the description had been finished.

The farmer went on to relate that Simmons—if it was he—had looked through the barn, and then had offered a high price for the use of a pair of horses and the 'bus. The stranger had particularly insisted that there must be a thick bed of straw on the floor of the 'bus.

"For old Mr. Crozier to rest on," decided Frank.

The stranger had driven off with the 'bus; but about an hour later he had reappeared, still driving, and there was a passenger inside.

The description of the passenger tallied with that of "Young Crozier."

As to whether there had been any one lying on the straw, the farmer could not say, as he had not seen the inside of the 'bus, except for the passenger, who was sitting up.

The farmer admitted that he had thought it rather strange that two so well-dressed young men should want his antiquated rig; but they had paid well, so what did it matter?

But only a little while ago a neighbor had driven by, and had dropped a word as to the alarm that was out for the kidnappers of old Mr. Crozier.

Then the farmer had hitched up quickly, intending to drive into Woodstock to carry the news to Chief of Police Griscomb.

"And you'd better go. Drive as fast as you can," breathed Manley quickly. "But what road did the 'bus travel over?"

"Went right on up that way," replied the farmer, pointing, "and took the first turn to the left. Now, where could them fellers have been going?"

But Frank had his opinion already formed.

The road in question led to the loneliest part of the country in the whole county.

Evidently Simmons and his employer had taken their victim to the spot where was to be enacted the final tragedy in their villainous game!

Telephoning ahead would be of no avail, for there were no telephones in that wild country, where even houses were scarce and but few of them now occupied.

"Make the trip to Woodstock as fast as you can," begged Manley. "Ask Chief Griscomb to get in pursuit as speedily as he can. Tell him the Up and At 'Em Boys have hurried ahead to learn all they can."

To himself Manley muttered, devoutly:

"Heaven grant that help can reach that poor old man before it is too late!"

CHAPTER XII.

TEN MILES FOR A LIFE!

The news had spread quickly through the squad.

"Fellows," said Manley, as soon as they had seen the farmer drive away at a brisk trot, "this run started as a pastime. It must finish as a bit of brisk business instead.

"We've got to travel forward faster than we've been doing. There can be no speed limit now, for a life is at stake!"

"If any fellow feels that he would rather drop out, he can do so without being called a quitter."

"Those who do run must go like greased lightning. We have got to overtake that 'bus, if it takes all day. We've got a start, and therefore have a better chance to overtake it than any one who starts by team from Woodstock."

"Those who start, but who can't keep up with the leaders, can drop back into a second squad and come in at their own best speed."

"Jackets, I shall want you to run at the head with me. Joe, you can set the pace as before, but I shall be with you to advise."

"Sato, I wish you would run at the rear, and be ready to form a second squad if there are stragglers. Now, Joe—forward—for a life!"

There was a faint little cheer as the squad started once more.

Joe must have done some thinking, for he did not follow his natural inclination to set the pace at his own best speed.

But it was a tough pace, all the same—faster than anything they had struck so far this day!

At the first house they espied beyond Jackets came into especial play.

It was his task to run forward and question the occupants of the house quickly as to whether they had seen the old yellow 'bus.

They had. It had gone by, the horses moving at a brisk trot.

At the next house the people did not remember having seen any 'bus.

But at the third Jackets obtained news which showed that the Woodstock runners were still on the right track.

Would Joe never tire out? He seemed bent only on increasing the pace, and with every mile the roads were becoming rougher.

A half dozen of the runners had dropped back to form the second squad under Inow Sato.

Hal took the Jap's place at the rear of the first squad, which struggled valiantly on.

They were still running—still, apparently, on the right track—when Manley realized by the landmarks that they had covered five miles on their new run.

But the 'bus was still twenty minutes ahead of them, according to the best information that they had been able to pick up.

And now there was a clear stretch of a mile before the next house would be reached.

Here, too, they got news that the 'bus had gone by fifteen minutes before, the horses being still apparently fresh.

"A man is supposed to have more endurance than a horse. I wonder how it is with boys?" thought Manley, grimly.

The main squad had now fallen to twenty-two in num-

ber, and others were showing the effects of the more than six miles that had been covered in the second run.

Two more miles over this desolate road!

The number of runners in the first squad was now down below twenty.

Even Manley felt the severity of the work, though he was still good for a few miles over any kind of a road.

But now Jackets learned from the occupants of a house that the 'bus had been seen to turn into a road that led only into a wide forest.

Frank veered around the corner into the narrower road.

The running was fearful in here. The frost had made a hard, ruddy road, which seemed to cut like dull iron through the soles of running shoes.

"We'll lose a few more of the fellows in here," muttered Frank to himself.

Yet, as he turned to look back over his shoulder at what remained of the first squad, he was delighted with the general appearance of the fellows.

What downright hard work it was!

Yet, with a good runner, the quarter miles go by steadily.

Two miles down this tough road now!

And suddenly Manley's heart gave a great leap and his pulse thrilled.

For there stood the 'bus, with the horses picketed to the wheels, and close by was a shanty that had been used by woodchoppers in former years.

Manley's right hand shot up in the air as he ran, and moved from side to side—the old, well-known signal to close up and run in strict silence.

A hundred yards from the 'bus Manley stopped, making another signal to his fellows to stop running and to close up gradually.

As the rest halted—only fourteen, in all, had lasted with the first squad to the finish—four went forward to explore the shanty.

They were Frank, Hal, Joe and Jackets.

And they went as stealthily and carefully as if they had been walking on eggs.

There was a door and two windows in the shanty.

Those who advanced were careful not to throw themselves within range of these windows.

Yet they stopped and listened near one of them.

Voices inside were audible enough.

"You're an infernal old fool!" came, angrily, in the voice of the man who called himself Mr. Crozier's son.

"I have determined, Richard, that you shall not win in this villainy," sounded the old man's feeble, tremulous voice.

"But, if I don't, you must lose, you old fool! This is my last effort to conquer you. If I fail the sods will cover you in this bleak spot."

"What can that profit you, Richard?"

"Nothing, of course, but the satisfaction that I have punished you for not having sense enough to purchase your life."

"At the expense of my fortune!"

"Only half that fortune, sir!"

"But even that half, Richard, would be at the expense of my daughter, who has always been a good child to me."

"You will not keep your money from me, even in that way," sneered the younger man. "Don't you understand that I can present a forged will? Even if your daughter contests such a will, it will eat up a great deal of the estate. So your stubbornness will save Louise not a penny, and will cost you your life besides. Now, sir, I have presented the matter to you as fully as I intend to do. Give me your word to obey me, or——"

The young man paused for an instant, and then went on in a voice quivering with passion:

"Or, else, sir, in sixty seconds more you will have ceased to breathe!"

There was silence.

"Well, sir—your answer?"

"Richard, if nothing can stay you from crime, then kill me. You are worthy of the name of Lagarde, which you rightfully bear."

"Take the club, then, Fred," sounded the young man's voice, vibrant with deadly anger. "Don't bungle the job! Strike him now—hard!"

But just at this instant a new voice was added—Manley's.

"Don't dare!" he thundered.

The door was yanked swiftly open, and four Up and At 'Em Boys dashed into the squalid room.

Simmons, with club half raised, dropped it to the earthen floor as if suddenly stricken helpless.

"Young Crozier" uttered a single oath, then dashed boldly through one of the windows, carrying the sash with him.

He landed on his feet and started to run.

Yet it was only to encounter the crowd of Up and At 'Em Boys who were in waiting a hundred yards beyond.

And from these went up the jeering cry of:

"Lynch him!"

Fagged as they were, he had a chance to sprint away from them.

It was Jackets—little stranger to fag—who darted after him and tripped him.

Then Richard Lagarde found himself the bottom object in one of the liveliest scimmages that ever was seen.

Not a little battered, Lagarde was finally subdued, and consented to sit on the ground a prisoner.

Simmons had surrendered without a thought of fight or flight. He had been too paralyzed with fear to think of resistance. Joe had him outside the shanty now, guarding him grimly.

Old Mr. Crozier had nearly fainted, but, in the presence of his deliverance he pulled himself together as best he could.

Nevertheless, he was cold and trembling.

There was a broad, open fireplace in the one room of this squalid old shanty. Boys brought armfuls of wood, and soon the place was cheerily and glowingly warm.

But through Frank's mind, now that all was well, there traveled the triumphant thought:

"We got a truly whirling ten-miler, for we covered that distance after we got the alarm—ten miles in addition to more than three miles on the first run. A great day's work!"

A great day's work, indeed, for runners sent back directed Griscomb to the shanty when he came up in an automobile he had impressed into service.

Other runners still found Louise Crozier in an auto, in which she had left Woodstock almost immediately after alighting from the train.

Old Mr. Crozier did not die from either the shock or the exposure to which he had been subjected.

Instead, he began to rally from the moment that he found his firm and self-reliant daughter at his side—his own dear flesh and blood!

But on one point the old man was firm. He would not prosecute his formerly adopted son. Lagarde should go his own way, punished only by complete disinheritance and his own sense of guilt.

So the wretched Lagarde and the not less wretched Simmons were allowed to go their way.

The keeper who had once oppressed Mr. Crozier had not been seen since that first interference by the Up and At 'Em Boys.

Miss Crozier took her father to town with her in the automobile.

But at the first farmhouse she stopped and ordered food sent to the youngsters, who were warming themselves at the fire in the old shanty.

Later on carriages arrived to take the tired youngsters back to Woodstock.

That evening Louise Crozier sought our hero with this message:

"My father and I have not yet had time to think what form our gratitude will take. But in a very short time you will find that your wonderful run to-day has brought your club fortune!"

THE END.

Every follower of Manley's fortunes will be keenly on the lookout for the next great story in this series. "FRANK MANLEY'S SWEETHEART; OR, WINNING OUT FOR KITTY DUNSTAN'S SAKE" will be published complete in No. 14 of "Frank Manley's Weekly," out next week! This will be one of the year's grandest stories, full of absorbing interest to all new and old readers of Woodstock history.

SPECIAL NOTICE: All back numbers of this weekly are always in print. If you cannot obtain them from any newsdealer, send the price in money or postage stamps by mail to FRANK TOUSEY, PUBLISHER, 24 UNION SQUARE, NEW YORK, and you will receive the copies you order by return mail.

PRACTICAL TALKS ON TRAINING

By "Physical Director"

No. 45.

In my last Talk I pointed out to all readers how, when in want of new exercises—and the best—they could find a long and unfailing store in some of the back numbers of Frank Manley's Weekly, and of its predecessor, The Young Athlete's Weekly.

There is an array of exercises for you! But there is such a number of them offered that no youngster could get through them all in less than a week.

For this present Talk, I promised to tell you how to sort out and combine the exercises in a rational and health-producing way.

A great many of my readers write and ask me the best time for exercising.

Emphatically, the best time of the whole day for exercising is in the early morning, when you first get out of bed.

Exercise at this time, followed by the bath, starts the day just right! There is more vigor and power for you all through the day then!

Perhaps you will object that you "have no time" the first thing in the morning.

Oh, yes, you have. Permit me to point out that it is the easiest thing in the world to make time in the early morning. All you have to do is to rise earlier than you have been doing. Of course that may mean going to bed earlier the night before, but you will be the gainer all around by both retiring and rising earlier.

Now, when we get up in the morning, how shall we combine the exercises so that we can get the most good out of them?

We will suppose that the young athlete has forty-five minutes that he can devote to his gymnastics.

If it is really and absolutely necessary to get along with less than forty-five minutes, then you will have to cut down the following directions by the rule of proportion. But there are very few boys, indeed, who cannot manage to get three-quarters of an hour of work if only they will rise betimes.

First, then, when you get up, go out of doors and spend five minutes of the time in taking the deepest breaths that you can.

Next of all, take ten minutes of the lightest and briskest kind of work, such as that with very light dumbbells and Indian clubs.

Here is a third of your time gone.

Now take three short, swift sprints, or else one good, long run. The sprints, with breathing rests in between, or else the long run, will take up ten minutes of your time.

Now, for the next ten minutes go in for whatever heavy work you are doing.

Some mornings this heavy work should consist of chin-ning and other stunts on the horizontal bar.

On alternate mornings, let us say, the heavy work should consist of some of Frank Manley's heavier and more difficult bag drills.

I hope that none of you, however, attempt the lifting of weights so heavy that you strain your muscles or make yourselves feel tired around the heart. "Progressive weight lifting" and all that sort of heart-torturing work has gone out of vogue among enlightened physical trainers.

Of course, some of the Manley bag drills can be made very heavy, if you are foolish enough to practice with the bags so weighty that your back aches in consequence and you get that "all tired-out" feeling. But it must be your own lookout that you do not exercise with bags so heavy that you are strained or made lame and sore by the exercise.

Now we have ten minutes left of the time allotted. This last ten minutes should be devoted to work that makes for speed and wind.

A combination of bag-punching and Manley's stationary running is about as good an arrangement as can be found for this last ten minutes. But, of course, on some days, you can vary this work with other kinds that make for wind and speed.

Don't let any young reader object that he has not a punching-bag. Remember that the "home-made boy" has shown you how to make a punching bag out of drilling and sand. I have one of these bags, and it is simply bully. It's far better than the "boughten" article, for striking against the sand hardens the fist as nothing else can do.

So we have forty-five minutes well spent in the morning bout of exercise. Follow this with bath and breakfast, and you have begun the day in a way that an athlete should.

As to your exercise, by all means do it outdoors. If you do exercise indoors, remember that your windows must be open.

EXERCISE IN A ROOM WHOSE WINDOWS ARE CLOSED MAKES THE VERY WORST FORM THAT EXERCISE COULD POSSIBLY TAKE!

Now, for the schoolboy the second bout should come after school in the afternoon. For the boy who works the second bout should come just before supper. Spend the whole of this second bout at running. If you can't run, at first, during the whole of an exercise bout, then run as much of the time as you possibly can, bearing in mind that running ability will gradually increase.

Now, on alternate days take your running in the morning and your gymnastics at the afternoon bout. Of course, in the season, skating will make an excellent substitute for running.

It would undoubtedly be better for the young athlete to do his running always in the morning and his gymnastics in the afternoon; but in many cases, then, the morning runner would feel tempted to leave out the afternoon gymnastics, and this advice is addressed to the average reader.

Letters from Readers

NOTICE.—Write letters for this page on only one side of the paper. Number your questions. Do not ask questions on the same paper containing mail orders. Immediate answers cannot be given, as "Frank Manley's Weekly" is printed several weeks ahead of the date of issue. Address all questions for this department to "Physical Director," No. 24 Union Square, New York.

Augusta, Ga., Aug. 25, 1905.

Dear Physical Director:

I thought I would write and ask a few questions. (1) I am 13 years old and 5 feet tall. (2) I weigh 78½ pounds. (3) Chest, normal 27 inches, expanded 28½ inches. (4) Wrist, 5¼ inches. (5) Neck, 11¼ inches. Please tell me which need developing most, and how to do it.

—Yours for success,

A. I. P.

P. S.—My nerves have troubled me lately, and I would like to know how to get them in trim.

You are light and need all-around exercise in the open air, with window open in sleeping-room at night. Your nerves will improve with your general condition, but you should get at the physical training life at once.

Dear Physical Director:

A few boys and myself are organizing a pleasure and athletic club. Will you kindly give us information as follows: How to regulate it; how to keep it up; what a good name would be for it; what good athletics to have, etc.; where we can get the buttons, etc. If you will be kind enough to give us this information we will do favors for you, if we possibly can. We are readers of Frank Manley's Weekly. Do you think "The Young Athletics" would be a good name?

Edw. Sutter,
245 Cortland St., Chicago, Ill.

Information about starting a club will be found in Talks 21 and 22. The American News Company, New York, are heavy dealers in buttons, so your newsdealer should be able to get you the information about buttons. Athletics and training course are being described all the time in this weekly. As a hint to all readers who want names for their clubs, why not name the club after one of your favorite characters—say, the "Hal Spofford Athletes of Claremont," the "Sato Juniors," the "Jack Winston Runabout Boys," etc.?

Forest Glen, Md., Aug. 30, 1905.

Dear Physical Director:

I have read Frank Manley's Weekly regularly from the time it was first published. I will send you my measurements, and at the end of twelve months I shall send them again, to see if they show any improvement. My age is 16 years 3 months 19 days; height, 5 feet 4¼ inches; weight, 106 pounds; neck, 13 inches; across shoulders, 16 inches; chest, normal 30½ inches, expanded 33 inches, contracted 29 inches; waist, 25½ inches; right forearm, flexed 10 inches, horizontal 9 inches; left forearm, flexed 10½ inches, horizontal 9½ inches; right upper arm, flexed 10¼ inches, horizontal 9 inches; left upper arm, flexed 11 inches, horizontal 9 inches; right thigh, 17½ inches; left thigh, 17½ inches; right calf, 12 inches; left calf, 12 inches. (1) How do my measurements compare with my weight? (2) What weight dumbbells and Indian clubs should I use? (3) Do — make a good breakfast food? (4) Will you kindly tell me how to cure round shoulders? (5) Please tell me what exercise I should take. With three cheers for the author of Frank Manley's Weekly, I will close.

R. A. F.

(1) You are about seven pounds under weight, need another inch of chest expansion and your calves are too small. (2) Two pounds. (3) There is no real objection to breakfast food you name, but the wheat foods are much better. (4) Certainly! Stand up straight at all times and exer-

cise your shoulder muscles so that they will support erect carriage. (5) Just take an all-around course of exercise, as much of it outdoors as possible.

Brooklyn, N. Y., Aug. 25, 1905.

Dear Physical Director:

I am a reader of your famous Frank Manley's Weekly and think it is very good. Please answer the following questions: Age, 14 years 5 months; height, 5 feet; weight, 80 pounds; shoulders, 13 inches across; chest, expanded 29 inches, normal 27 inches; waist, 24 inches; neck, 11 inches; biceps, 9 inches, flexed 8 inches; forearm, 7½ inches; wrist, 6 inches; thigh, 16 inches; calf, 12 inches; ankle, 9 inches. (1) How are these measurements? (2) What exercise is good for weak nerves? (3) Is it good to drink beer? (4) If not, what harm does it do you? (5) Which are best to exercise with, dumbbells or Indian clubs? (6) How heavy should they be? I hope that Willie Egbert will become as great an athlete as Jacks. Success to the Up and At 'Em Boys.

Yours truly,

A. S.

(1) Measurements only fair. (2) All kinds of exercise in the open air that do not overtax. (3) Why should you ask me this? Have I not answered "No" very frequently? (4) Many kinds of harm; for one thing, alcohol brings paralysis to nerve centers. There are many foolish advocates of a little beer, a little wine or a little whiskey. You will have to decide whether you want to do your training in the saloon or in the athletic field. The two places don't mix, and the results of the two training places are very wide apart. (5) Use both bells and clubs. (6) Two pounds.

102 Bright St., Jersey City, N. J.,
August 28, 1905.

Dear Physical Director:

I sent a letter to you about three or four weeks ago and did not get an answer. In that letter I forgot to mention a few questions, so I write now. About two weeks ago I was in Hartford, Conn., and there was a gymnasium about two blocks away, where I used to exercise. I can jump 3½ feet high. (1) Is that good enough for a boy of 12 years? (2) What makes me afraid of twisting around the horizontal bars? When I was trying to learn no one was around. (3) Is Borden's milk good to drink? (4) Is a raw egg good to suck? If it is, how many times a day should it be taken? When should it be taken? (5) Is wrestling good? If so, when should it be indulged in? (6) What should an athletic club's apparatus consist of? (7) What should an athlete wear—I mean when he is training? (8) Which is best to wear, suspenders or a belt? (9) How is it that when I begin to run in the morning and run a block or two I feel as though I could vomit and feel sick for a couple of minutes? (10) Is physical culture good? (11) At what time during the day should it be taken? (12) How many times a day should a boy of 12 years of age exercise? (13) How much exercise at a time should be taken? (14) Is sweet corn good to eat? (15) How much would it cost to furnish the apparatus for a club. (16) How many fellows should a club be started with? (17) Is boxing good? (18) When we shoot, does that give us exercise? (19) Is wheat good to eat? Hoping to see this in a future issue, I remain,

Yours truly,

Saul Nemser.

All letters are answered in their turn, and it would not be fair to other correspondents to

jump one letter in ahead of others. This weekly goes to press several weeks in advance of publication date. (1) If you mean a standing high jump, it is very good, indeed, at your age. As to the rest of your questions, I must point out to you that you have asked so many, and of such a general nature, that it would require more than one complete number of this weekly in which to give intelligent answers. Take your single question, "Is meat good to eat?" Did you think I could answer that by "yes" or "no"? It would require at least a page to explain conditions under which meat may be eaten and others in which meat works harm. This and many other of your questions I have discussed repeatedly in these pages.

Philadelphia, Aug. 31, 1905.

Dear Physical Director:

I am interested in Frank Manley's Weekly and think it beats them all. I have just started into athletics and think I have a poor form. (1) Please give me your advice as to these measurements: Age, 15 years 6 months; height, 5 feet 8½ inches in shoes; weight, 127 pounds in street clothes; neck, 14 inches; chest, normal 33 inches, contracted 31¼ inches, expanded 35¼ inches; waist, 27½ inches; forearm, 10 inches, flexed 10½ inches; wrist, 6½ inches; elbow, 9 inches; arm, 9½ inches, flexed 9¾ inches; hip, 33 inches; thigh, 18½ inches; knee, 14 inches; calf, 13 inches; ankle, 6 inches. (2) What sport would best suit me? (3) What remedy would you advise me to follow? (4) Would you advise me to join a gymnasium or to take up running on a team? I think I am out of shape for running. I am timid about joining a gymnasium and afraid I cannot do as much as the other fellows, as I am slightly clumsy. (5) I am not weak by any means, but just the opposite. I retire early at night and arise at the proper time, and take deep-breathing exercises, etc. How are my measurements, taken altogether. I am a physical culturist now. Wishing Frank Manley's Weekly success, I remain,

Yours sincerely,

K. O.

(1) You are about twelve pounds under weight and calf is an inch too small; chest expansion should be an inch or more greater. (2) Take all the sports in their season. Get in for football and skating this fall and winter. (3) If by "remedies" you mean medicines, leave them alone! (4) Join gym and running teams by all means. Stop being timid. All the fellows who go to a gym go because they need improvement and mean to get it. (5) Answered. Keep at physical culture.

New York City, Aug. 30, 1905.

Dear Physical Director:

I have read all the numbers of Frank Manley's Weekly. Will you kindly answer these questions? How can I strengthen my neck? Is there any exercise that will broaden the shoulders? How are my measurements? Weight, 130 pounds in street clothes; age, 16 years 2 months; height, 5 feet 5 inches; neck, 14 inches; chest, 34 inches, expanded 38 inches; biceps, 9½ inches, contracted 11¼ inches; wrist 7¼ inches; forearm, 9¾ inches; waist, 28½ inches; hips, 31 inches; thigh, 19 inches; calf, 14 inches; ankle, 9¾ inches. How can I get rid of my "Adam's apple"? It sticks out. Will you also tell me how I can increase my weight? Hoping to see this in print soon, I remain,

A Young Athlete's Reader.

A good neck drill is explained in No. 29 of The Young Athlete's Weekly. All exercises that employ the shoulder muscles actively will broaden and strengthen the shoulders. The horizontal bar, trapeze and flying rings will be of value. Bag-punching and wrestling will help your shoulders. Your build is somewhat on the powerful order. My dear boy, you can't do anything with the "Adam's apple." The hyoid bone is back of that—a little three-pronged bone on which your voice depends. Don't tamper with that hyoid bone! You do not need increased weight; you would be out of proportion if you had it.

Chicago, Aug. 28, 1905.

Dear Physical Director:

As I have read several numbers of Frank Manley's Weekly, I take the liberty of asking you a few questions. My age is 16 years 7

months. My measurements are as follows: Height, 5 feet 1 inch; weight, 86 pounds; neck, 11½ inches; width of shoulders, 14 inches; biceps, right, 8½ inches, flexed 9 inches; left, 8 inches, flexed 8½ inches; wrists, 5¾ inches each; waist, 28 inches; thighs, 16 inches each; chest, normal 28 inches; expanded 29½ inches; forearm, right 8¾ inches, left 8 inches. (1) How are my measurements? (2) When I run for a distance I get a pain in my left side below the heart. I had pleuro-pneumonia when I was three years old. Do you know what would stop the pain? (3) What is a good way to get wind?

Yours truly,
Thronton Rand.

(1) You are a little light all through your measurements, but the first one for you to start in to improve should be the chest. You need considerably more expansion. It will be worth a lot of money to you, as to most other boys, to go in for physical training thoroughly. I don't mean that you should work yourself to pieces with physical training, but you should exercise faithfully twice a day and should be roving in the open air as much as possible. Make deep breathing a habit. (2) Talks 9 and 20 will tell you a good deal about the pain experienced in running. As you have had pleuro-pneumonia, I would advise that you have your heart examined by a capable physician. (3) Deep breathing, bag-punching and gradual practice in running are all good for building up the wind.

St. Louis, Mo., Aug. 26, 1905.

Dear Physical Director:

Being a great admirer of Frank Manley's Weekly, I take the liberty of asking you a few questions. I am 15 years old to-day; height, 5 feet 4 inches; chest, normal 30½ inches, expanded 34 inches; wrists, 6½ inches; biceps, 8½ inches, flexed 10 inches; ankles, 8¾ inches; thighs, 17½ inches; calves, 12½ inches; neck, 14 inches; waist, 26½ inches; hips, 28¾ inches; weight, 103 pounds, stripped. My records are: Running broad jump, 15 feet 6½ inches; standing broad jump, 8 feet 2 inches; running hop, step and jump, 29 feet 7 inches; standing hop, step and jump, 20 feet 8½ inches; shot put (11-pound), 29 feet 3¾ inches; running high jump, 4 feet 2 inches; standing high jump, 3 feet 1 inch. (1) Would you please point out my weak points? (2) How are my records? Would you think it advisable to take light exercise an hour after supper? I play handball, baseball, football, jump and play every outdoor sport I know of. Hoping to see this in print soon, I close,

Yours truly,

Charles S.

P. S.—I have read every number of Frank Manley's Weekly and think it is the greatest weekly published.

(1) I don't find any weak points; you are well built. (2) O. K. at your age. (3) Do not exercise until an hour and a half after a meal.

Vernon, Ind., Aug. 28, 1905.

Dear Physical Director:

I have read all your weeklies from No. 1 and think they are fine. Here are some measurements of myself: Height, 5 feet; neck, 12 inches; hips, 28 inches; calves, 11 inches; upper arm, 8½ inches; waist line, 27½ inches; chest, 26½ inches, expanded 30 inches. What size bells shall I use?

Yours respectfully,

Starling Bailey.

Unable to advise, since you do not state weight. Use two-pound dumbbells.

Dear Physical Director:

I read Frank Manley's Weekly every week and I think it is fine. I want to ask a few questions. (1) Is riding a bicycle dangerous? (2) When is the best time to exercise? (3) When is the best time to retire and to arise? I send my measurements and would like to know what I am weak in. Chest, normal 27 inches, expanded 28 inches; knee, 13 inches; calf, 14 inches; neck, 12 inches; wrist, 7 inches. I am 14 years old, am 4 feet 10 inches tall and weigh 80 pounds. Hoping to see this in print, I remain, yours,

Bobby.

As to your measurements, go in for chest expansion. If you will look back over other numbers of the Weekly you will find bicycle riding

discussed often. I have no fault to find with bicycle riding if it is done moderately and sensibly. Riding all lunched up over the handlebars ruins chest and shoulders, and soon the rider looks deformed. Riding fast and excessively often results in damage to the heart. But to go out on the road riding erect and sensibly, and at moderate speed for a moderate distance, is not likely to injure you. The best time to exercise is around daybreak in the morning, with a second bout in the late afternoon or in the evening—but not for a half hour before going to bed. At your age you should be in bed at about 8.30 and up at 5.30.

Perth Amboy, N. J., Aug. 27.

Dear Physical Director:

I have read every issue of Frank Manley's Weekly and think that there is none better. Will you please answer these questions? I am 18 years 9 months old; height, 5 feet 4½ inches; weight, 125 pounds; neck, 14½ inches; across shoulders, 18¾ inches; chest, normal 35½ inches, expanded 39 inches; waist, 29 inches; biceps, 10½ inches; forearm, 10 inches; wrist, 7 inches; thigh, 19 inches; calves, 13½ inches; around shoulders, 42 inches. How are my measurements? Hoping to see this in print, I remain,

Yours truly,

F. K.

I am well pleased with all your measurements except that at the waist line, where you need reduction to the extent of three inches. The abdominal drills in Nos. 28 and 32 of The Young Athlete's Weekly will bring that about for you if you use some care with your diet.

Boston, Mass., Aug. 30, 1905.

Dear Physical Director:

I have read a good many of the five-cent weeklies, but of all of them Frank Manley's is the leader. It is certainly fine. As soon as I get the book I turn to the back and read your "Practical Talks on Training," which cannot be beaten. Long live Frank Manley and down with Tod Owen and his crowd. I send below some of my measurements. Will you kindly tell me how they are and how I can improve them; also, some good exercises? I am 16½ years old; height, 5 feet 2 inches; waist, 30 inches; leg, 30 inches; wrist, 6¾ inches; thigh, 19 inches; left calf, 11 inches; right calf, 12 inches; chest, normal 32, expanded 34; reach, 28½ inches. Please tell me my defects and how I can improve them; also, if you don't think I am short for my age. Hoping to see this in your weekly, I remain,

Joseph McLean,

Care Corey, Milliken & Co.,
15 State Street.

As you have omitted to state your weight I am unable to give an opinion of any value as to your measurements.

Meriden, Conn., Sept. 3, 1905.

Dear Physical Director:

Being a reader of Frank Manley's Weekly, I take the liberty of sending my measurements. Age, 17 years, 8 months; height in stocking feet, 5 feet 7 inches; weight, 168 pounds; neck, 13½ inches; chest, normal 37 inches, expanded 40½ inches; waist, 35 inches; right forearm, 11 inches; left forearm, 10½ inches; right bicep, 13½ inches; left bicep, 13¾ inches; wrists, 6½ inches; hips, 37 inches; thighs, 22 inches; calves, 15½ inches. (1) Please tell me where my weak points are. (2) About what should I weigh? (3) Are three-pound Indian clubs too heavy for me? (4) How heavy dumbbells should I use? Hoping to see this in print, I remain,

Yours truly,

R. M. B.

You are about forty-five to forty-seven pounds above the average weight at your age and height. From your biceps and chest measurements I judge that you are rather powerfully built, and would advise that you go in for a lot of light active work, avoiding the heavy work for the most part, or in a few years, especially if you become inactive later on, you are very likely to find yourself muscle-bound. I have no objection whatever to three-pound Indian clubs in your case, yet think that two-pounders would do as well. Your waist line is too large, and you should go in for a good deal of the abdominal work described in Nos. 28 and 32 of The Young Athlete's Weekly. Above all,

take up distance running—just jogging along the roads slowly for any distance that you can cover up to five miles.

New York, Sept. 1, 1905.

Dear Physical Director:

As I am a constant reader of Frank Manley's Weekly, I ask you to answer me a few questions in your next issue. I am 17 years of age; height, 5 feet 9 inches; neck, 14 inches; breadth of shoulders, 19 inches; reach from finger-tips to finger-tips, 76 inches; chest, depressed 33 inches, normal 34 inches; expanded, 36½ inches; waist, 29 inches; right biceps, flexed, 9½ inches; left biceps, flexed, 9½ inches; right forearm, 10¼ inches; left forearm, 10¼ inches; right wrist, 6¼ inches; left wrist, 6¼ inches; around hips, 35 inches; right thigh, 19 inches; left thigh, 19 inches; right knee, 14 inches; left knee, 14 inches; right calf, 14 inches; left calf, 14 inches; right ankle, 10 inches; left ankle, 10 inches; weight in street clothes, 150 pounds. I have never taken physical training before. (1) Tell me my weak points. (2) Please tell me what branch of athletics my build is best suited for. (3) State exercises for strengthening muscles of the jaws. Thanking you in advance for your kind advice, I am

H. P. A., JR.

(1) You need an inch more chest expansion and your biceps should measure between two and three inches more. (3) Chew every morsel of food to a fine pulp before swallowing it, and your jaws will have exercise enough, besides which the vastly better digestion of your food will strengthen your entire body.

Womelsdorf, Pa., Aug. 21, 1905.

Dear Physical Director:

As I am a reader of Frank Manley's Weekly, I would like to send in my measurements. They are as follows: Age, 13 years 6 months; weight, 107 pounds; height, 5 feet 2½ inches; across shoulders, 15 inches; neck, 12½ inches; wrist, 6¾ inches; chest, normal 29 inches, expanded 32 inches; waist, 25 inches; calves, 12½ inches; ankle, 8½ inches; biceps, 8½ inches; from finger-tips to armpit, 26 inches; hip to knee, 19 inches. (1) What are my weak points? (2) My good ones? (3) How can I improve the weak ones? (4) Is it well for me to go in for farm work? (5) Have I the build of an athlete? Kindly answer my questions in Frank Manley's Weekly. In my opinion Frank Manley's Weekly is the best published. My favorites are Frank Manley, Hal, Joe, Mike and little Jackets. Kitty Dunstan is a very nice girl.

Yours truly,

A Young Athlete Admirer.

P. S.—Hasn't Tod Owen a girl?

You are quite large enough for your age, but your measurements could not be improved upon much. Your biceps will be larger by-and-by if you go in for all-around exercise. You can easily make an athlete of yourself. As to the farm work, it will be good for you if your taste runs that way. Yet even on a farm one should go in for gymnastics, for farming does not give the all-around work for the muscles that the athlete should have. Yes.

Pretty Prairie, Kan., Sept. 6, 1905.

Dear Physical Director:

I have been a reader of your exceedingly interesting Weekly since its first number was published. Frank Manley can't be beat as an all-around athlete. I will give you my measurements to pass judgment upon and will ask a few questions. I am nearly 17 years old and weigh 132 pounds; neck, 14 inches; chest, normal 32 inches, expanded 35½ inches; waist, 31 inches; thigh, 20 inches; calf, 14 inches; ankle, 11 inches; forearm, contracted 12½ inches, expanded 10 inches; knee, 15 inches; wrist, 8 inches. (1) How am I proportioned, my height being 5 feet 8 inches? (2) Have I any defects? If so, how can I remedy them? (3) Is punching the bag good for developing the wind? Wishing all kinds of success to your Weekly, and hoping to see this in print, I remain,

Yours truly,

Ray Peters.

(1) Well built, though a few pounds light. (2) Waist line two inches too large; take up abdominal drills in Nos. 28 and 32 of The Young Athlete's Weekly. (3) Excellent, but distance running beats everything for wind.

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